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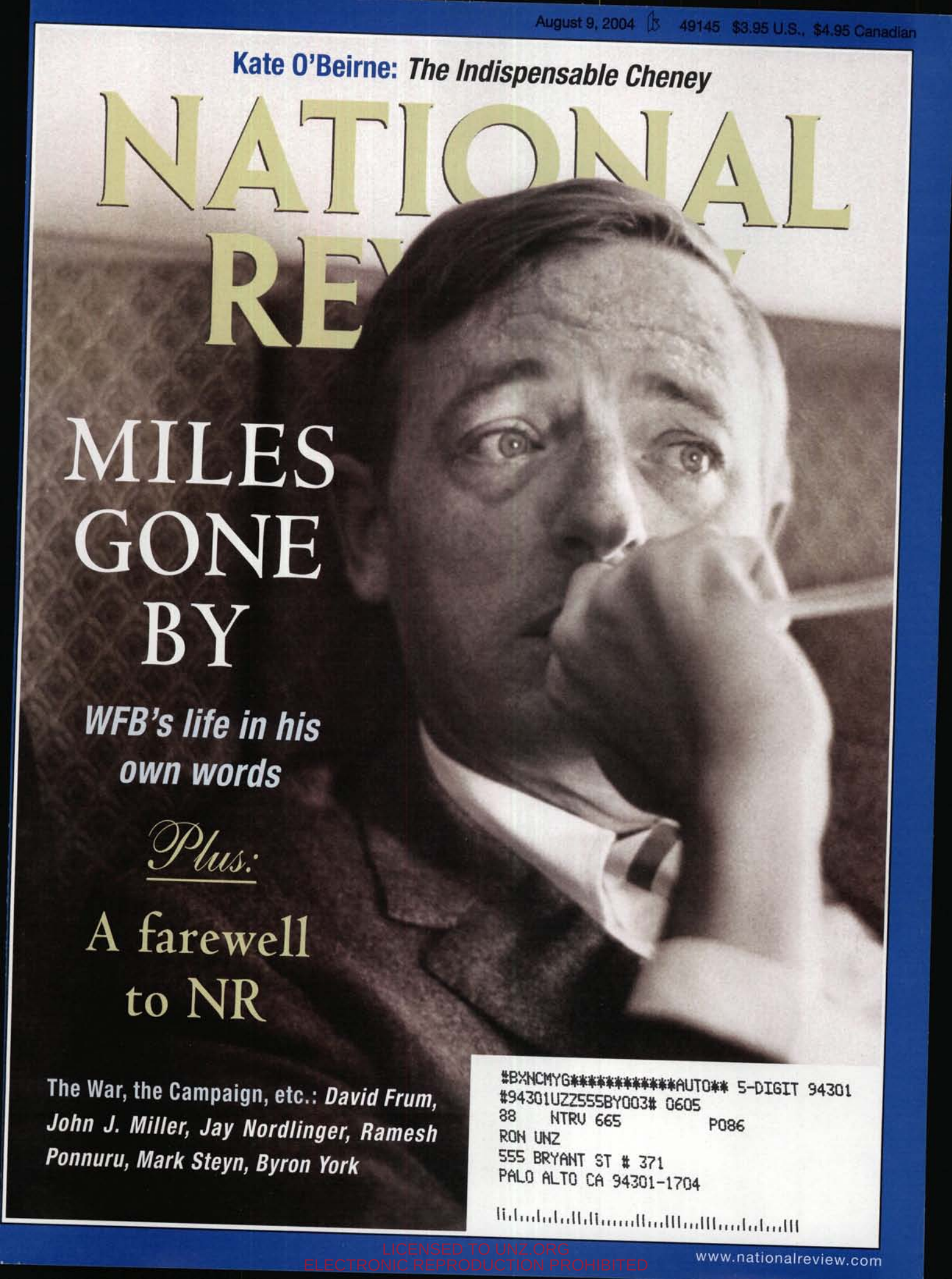
Kate O'Beirne: *The Indispensable Cheney*

NATIONAL REVIEW



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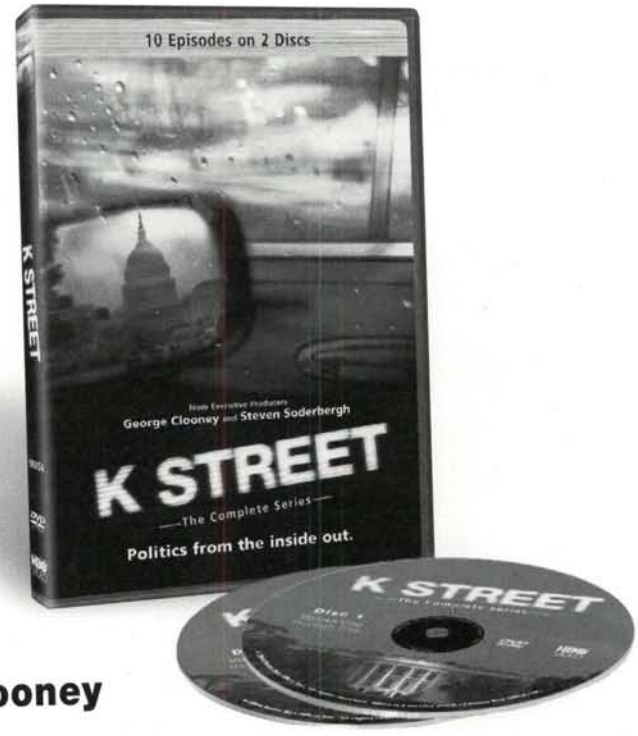

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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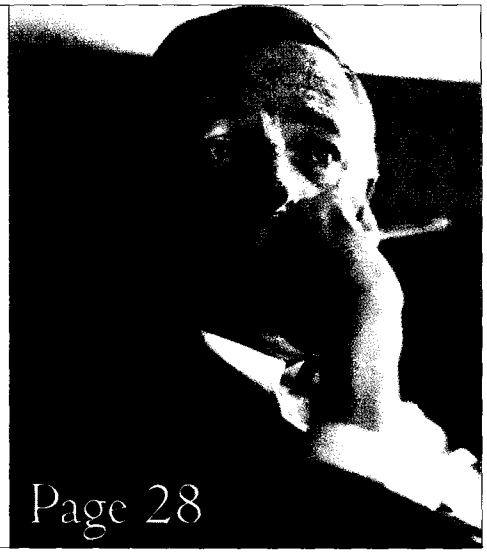
■ COVER STORY

A Personal Retrospective

I begin this self-imposed (but nevertheless welcome) assignment by reproducing the note from WFB which accompanied the bulky material on the theme of his retirement and of NATIONAL REVIEW's history, from which I have put this feature together. It reads, "Rich: If you think this is bad, imagine what you'll have to go through when I die! Best, Bill." *By Richard Lowry*



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NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by NATIONAL REVIEW, Inc., at 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. ©National Review, Inc., 2004. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668; phone, 815-734-1232, Monday–Friday, 8:00 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct classified advertising inquiries to: Classifieds Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 or call 212-679-7330. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668. Printed in the U.S.A.

RATES: $59.00 a year (25 issues). Add $21.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or artwork unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

August 9 issue; printed July 22

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MAIN NUMBER 212-679-7330
SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES 815-734-1232
WASHINGTON OFFICE 202-543-9226

ADVERTISING SALES 212-679-7330
Executive Publisher Scott F. Budd
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letters to the editor

MAKE 'EM SWEAT

Congratulations to NATIONAL REVIEW and the Media Research Center on your comprehensive report on our biased media and their coming meltdown.

At last you guys are making noises about applying free-market principles to media that mislead readers and viewers. If a long-distance phone company or a car dealer is less than honest with a customer, the customer votes with his feet and his checkbook. It should be no different with the news media.

More Americans need to know that most major newspapers operate on thin profit margins. Their advertising rates are based entirely on home-delivered subscriptions. When those subscriptions are canceled, ad rates must be reduced, resulting in a loss of revenues. Subscribers who cancel can buy the paper off the newsstand and still force profit losses. (Newsstand sales do not count in the formulation of ad rates.) Right-of-center businessman-owners tend to gradually and subtly make corrections to their news staffs when profits trend south.

And of course, if TV network news shows decline enough in ratings, the same thing happens: Anchors and editors slowly get cast away.

Nobody will go bankrupt. Owners will save their news enterprises before they let them go under. But dishonest propagandists, masquerading as "journalists," could find themselves on the street, looking for work. America wins.

Marco Gilliam
San Antonio, Tex.

THAT'S RICH

Roger Kimball's assessment of the *New York Times*'s recent cultural coverage as lacking in quality and overabundant in politics ("A Sad Falling Off," July 26) is entirely accurate. Several months ago I complained to the *Times*'s public editor, Daniel Okrent, about the inappropriateness of columnist Frank Rich's political musings, which almost invariably include attacks on President Bush and/or other Republicans but seldom on Democrats, and appear on the front page of the Arts and Leisure section each week. Mr. Okrent responded with a statement from the *Times*'s management saying Mr. Rich is the newspaper's "culture critic."

Robert A. Shire
Westfield, N.J.

A SALUTE

That was a wonderful acknowledgement of American soldiers and Marines in Iraq by Kate O'Beirne ("The Soldiers You Never Hear About," June 14). It made me feel proud of our servicemen and women and their heroism. Her article also reminded me of the similarity between our stand in Iraq—against a government whose unchallenged presence threatened the world—and our stand in Vietnam. Thank you for shedding light on some of the activities of our brave servicemen and women.

Larry Chambers
Ojai, Calif.

PLAYING THE PALACE

I am sitting here in my office in the old Republican Palace in Baghdad, listening to Jane Monheit sing some great jazz, and reading the digital version of NATIONAL REVIEW. The only thing that would make this complete is if I could have my usual snifter of brandy to go with it all, but alas, General Order No. 1 prohibits consumption of alcohol by U.S. military personnel in Iraq.

Just thought you would like to know that you bring great comfort (and of course, great conservatism) to those of us who are far from home. Thanks.

Lt. Col. Randall G. White
Baghdad, Iraq

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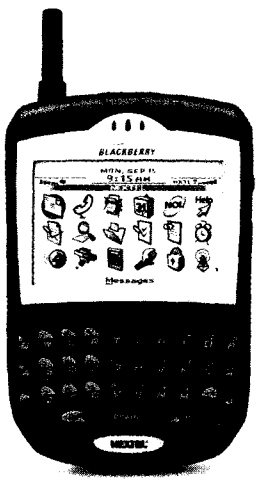

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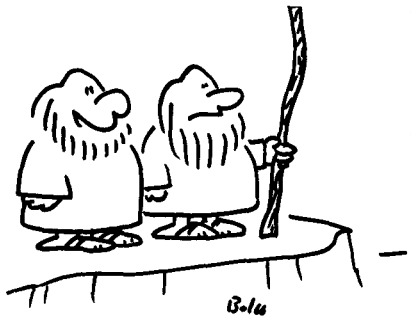

"Oh, we can call it Canaan, Israel, Palestine, whatever—a couple of thousand years from now, what difference will it make?"

■ In *The Hotline*'s survey of state polls, President **Bush** leads in 24 states worth 211 electoral votes and **John Kerry** leads in 23 states worth 285 electoral votes (270 needed to win). . . . *Washington Post* poll: Bush-**Cheney** 46 percent, Kerry-**Edwards** 46 percent, **Nader-Camejo** 4 percent. . . . Bush: "Although we have not found stockpiles of weapons of mass destruction, we were right to go into Iraq. We removed a declared enemy of America, who had the capability of producing weapons of mass murder, and could have passed that capability to terrorists bent on acquiring them. In the world after September the 11th, that was a risk we could not afford to take." . . . Acting CIA director **John McLaughlin**: "This is about as serious a threat environment as I have seen since 9/11." . . . Bush: "My opponent said he is proud that he and his running mate voted against funding the troops. . . . He's entitled to his view. But members of Congress should not vote to send troops into battle, and then vote against funding them, and then brag about it." . . . "You cannot be pro-small business and pro-trial lawyer at the same time," says Bush. "You have to choose. My opponent made his choice and he put [Edwards] on the ticket." . . . In *Time* poll, 55 percent say Edwards's trial-lawyer background means that he "fought for the average person" and 26 percent say he contributed "to frivolous lawsuits." . . . Bush: "When judges insist on imposing their arbitrary will on the people, the only alternative left to the people is an amendment to the Constitution—the only law a court cannot overturn. A constitutional amendment should never be undertaken lightly—yet to defend marriage, our nation has no other choice."

■ Kerry, in *Washington Post*: "We have not stood up and attacked our opponents in personal ways." . . . Sen. **Zell Miller** (D., Ga.) on Kerry's celebrity fundraiser in New York City: "John Kerry just sat there, grinning like a mule eating briars." . . . Senate minority leader **Tom Daschle** (D., S.D.) denies claim of filmmaker **Michael Moore** that they hugged after D.C. screening of *Fahrenheit 9/11*. . . . Daschle says he won't attend Kerry's acceptance speech at Democratic National Convention. . . . Kerry spokeswoman **Stephanie Cutter** on why Sen. **Hillary Clinton** (D., N.Y.) originally wasn't invited to speak at convention, in *New York Times*: "She never asked." . . . "The problem is that some of [Kerry's] positions in the Senate won't go over too well with some of the people," says Rep. **Collin Peterson** (D., Minn.) to AP. "He voted for gun control and against right-to-life." . . . Activists in Michigan, Ohio, Oregon, and elsewhere scramble to promote ballot initiatives banning gay marriage.

■ Gov. **Arnold Schwarzenegger** (R., Calif.) on Democrats opposing his budget proprosals: "I call them girlie men." . . . Ad sponsored by pro-gay-marriage group Human Rights Campaign features pictures of **Giuliani**, **McCain**, **Pataki**, and Schwarzenegger: "Want to get a prime time spot at the Republican National Convention? . . . Oppose the Federal Marriage Amendment." . . . Sen. **Lindsey Graham** (R., S.C.): "The most conservative speaker right now is John McCain, who is truly a fiscal conservative. But a lot of conservatives believe the conservative movement that got us here is being ignored at the convention." . . . **Paul Weyrich** of Free Congress Foundation, in *New York Times*: "If the president is embarrassed to be seen with conservatives at the convention, maybe conservatives will be embarrassed to be seen with the president on Election Day." . . . William C. Velasquez poll of Cuban Americans: Bush 66 percent, Kerry 16 percent, Nader 3 percent. (In 2000, Bush won 82 percent of Cuban-American vote.) . . . Velasquez president **Antonio Gonzalez**, in *Orlando Sentinel*: "There is an alarm going off, a danger signal for the president." . . . Rep. **Kendrick Meek** (D., Fla.) on Gov. **Jeb Bush** (R., Fla.): "The governor was like [Osama] **bin Laden** after the 2000 election." . . . More Meek: "I don't see the governor in any way as a terrorist. I was just saying he could not be found." . . . Zogby poll of Arab Americans: Kerry 51 percent, Bush 24 percent, Nader 13 percent.

■ 9/11 commission chairman **Tom Kean**, in *Philadelphia Inquirer*: "Congress is not blameless in this. They held very few hearings on terrorism. You can't just let Congress off the hook." . . . Rep. **Jane Harman** (D., Calif.) on terror warnings of secretary of homeland security **Tom Ridge**, on CNN: "He sounded more like an interior decorator talking about what more we can do under the shade of yellow." . . . Harvard School of Public Health study says movie-ratings system has allowed more violent and sexual material into films: "The [Motion Picture Association of America] appears to tolerate increasingly more extreme content in any given age-based rating category over time."

■ France joins Australia, Canada, and Norway in outlawing human cloning. . . . Palestinian officials say they may ban U.N.'s top Middle East envoy, **Terje Roed-Larsen**, from their territory because he criticized Palestinian president **Yassir Arafat**. . . . As South African political leaders remain silent, South African Council of Churches condemns human-rights abuses in Zimbabwe and proposes economic sanctions.

■ **Conan O'Brien**: "Last night at a Democratic fundraiser concert, John Kerry played guitar while everyone on stage sang 'This Land Is Your Land.' Then Kerry admitted that much of this land is owned by his wife." **NR**

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Because the administration argued against the two specific University of Michigan affirmative action plans before the Supreme Court last year, few appreciated at the time how much of the constitutional principle of Equal Protection it was willing to sacrifice. For example, Solicitor General Theodore Olson argued in his brief, "[T]his case requires this Court to break no new ground," in effect conceding that race preferences to achieve diversity, articulated in the Bakke case a generation ago, remained good law. And, said Olson, while not considering race per se, a school might consider such matters as "a history of overcoming disadvantage, geographic origin, socioeconomic status, challenging living or family situation," and a host of other technically race-neutral factors. Got the point (wink, wink)?

The solicitor also pointed with pride to the "percentage plan," adopted by Texas under the Bush governorship. The plan got around a circuit court decision barring race-conscious university admissions by automatically admitting high school students from any public high school graduating in the top 10 percent of their class.

Now comes word, via the *New York Times,* of widespread dissatisfaction with the Texas percentage plan. The reason is the plan's built-in bias in favor of students' graduating from low-achievement schools and against those in the tougher academic institutions where many superior students fail to make the top 10 percent. As a result, many turned down by the flagship University of Texas take their talents to other states.

This problem was totally predictable at the time the law was passed, as were many others inherent in percentage plans. For one thing, to "cure" the racial imbalance problem, they rely on a foundation of de facto segregated high schools. For another, they have no applicability to graduate schools or to private or out-of-state high schools.

The diversity approach sanctioned by the Court, to which dozens of colleges and universities are now scrambling to adjust, has its own set of problems. **Diversity itself is a vague concept since it can relate to philosophical viewpoint, religious conviction, and areas of academic interest as easily as to race or ethnicity.** Diversity is also subject to diminishing returns. The first African American in a history or political science course arguably could bring important perspectives to bear on many subjects. But what about the 2nd? Or the 17th? And suppose the course were biology? Or chemical engineering? Or medicine? There is at this point overwhelming evidence that affirmative action at medical schools has produced lower-achieving students who take longer to graduate, do less well on the medical boards, and materially less well in qualifying to practice their specialties.

As a matter of principle I continue to oppose the allocation of rights and rewards based on race. I wish the administration had shown a bit more spunk in the leading Michigan cases. But a decade of attention to this area also persuades me that this society is unwilling to accept the results of a race-neutral approach—without gimmicks or outright intellectual fraud—to college admissions. For that reason I believe the least harmful approach is a straightforward affirmative action plan modified to avert harm to innocent nonminority students. This could be achieved by enrolling one nonminority student who would otherwise have been rejected for each minority student enrolled through affirmative action. **It is time to restore integrity to issues of race and university admissions.**

—Robert Zelnick

Robert Zelnick is a research fellow at the Hoover Institution and chairman of the Department of Journalism at Boston University.

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THE WEEK

■ Sandy Berger walked out of the National Archives with sensitive documents stuffed in his pants. What is it with Democrats and their trouser problems?

■ So much for "Bush lied." Two reports have debunked claims that Bush and Blair deliberately exaggerated pre-war intelligence about Iraq's weapons of mass destruction. The Senate Intelligence Committee's bipartisan report absolved the Bush administration of coercing analysts to inflate their judgments; Lord Butler's committee cleared the Blair administration. But the Senate report scathingly and appropriately criticized the intelligence community's failure to obtain and accurately report information. Once U.N. inspectors were expelled in 1998, the West was essentially bereft of human intelligence sources in Iraq. U.S. intelligence nevertheless continued to draw inferences from aging information, portraying ever-more tenuous deductions as reliable fact. Saddam was a threat. It was reasonable to think that he stepped up WMD efforts when the inspectors left, and that his refusal to account for his arsenal camouflaged existing stockpiles. But this surmise, as the Senate committee concluded, was a "hypothesis in search of evidence." There were understandable difficulties in getting an accurate intelligence picture in Iraq—even Saddam's generals thought he had WMD. And it is foolish to think intelligence will ever be perfect. But a flaccid intelligence culture that has given armchair conjecture primacy over the grunt work of data collection and searching analysis is a serious national-security problem. It will not be addressed by yet another layer of bureaucracy or a new CIA director whose chief attribute is being readily confirmable in today's poisonous environment. It will take dynamic leadership at the top, determined to revitalize the ethos of American intelligence—and a political culture that is willing to tolerate agents who take risks and, yes, occasionally go wrong.

■ Last fall, Joe Wilson accepted the Ron Ridenhour Award for Truth-Telling from the Nation Institute (affiliated with the left-wing magazine *The Nation*), named after the soldier who exposed the My Lai massacre. This was around the same time that Wilson launched a website called "RestoreHonesty.com"—paid for by the Kerry campaign, for which he was an official surrogate—in which the author of *The Politics of Truth* tells visitors, "Some people have said I was courageous to speak truth to the power of the Bush White House. But let me tell you, what I have done doesn't hold a candle to the courage that John Kerry showed as a young man and throughout his political career." Well, hold on. It takes a lot of brass to boast about your honesty that much, and about such grave subjects, while lying as brazenly as it now appears Wilson has. The Senate and Butler reports reveal that Wilson's story was false on all the central facts. Wilson's CIA-operative

ROMAN GENN

Mr. John warns of a fearful America *(see page 14)*

wife *did* tout him for the Niger trip. Wilson's report *did not* "debunk" the claim that Iraq had sought uranium; indeed his trip "bolstered" the CIA's concerns, according to reports. Wilson told the press that he saw forged documents that he could not possibly have seen. Wilson has made fools out of countless prominent journalists, who were so eager to call President Bush a liar that they allowed themselves to be seduced by one. Now Wilson is offering a fog of Clintonian evasions, rebutting allegations not made and declaring that the press misquoted him. The press has generally been silent about the recent revelations, as has the Kerry campaign.

■ For the fourth year of his presidency, Bush declined to address the annual convention of the NAACP. Who can blame him? The NAACP is a bouncer in a sharkskin suit, working the bar of the Democratic party. Its main purpose in life is to try to intimidate Republicans every four years. In the 2000 election, the NAACP ran ads equating Bush's opposition to "hate crime" laws with the lynching of James Byrd, the black Texan who was dragged behind a truck. NAACP chairman Julian Bond has called conservative Republicans "neo-fascists" and "the Taliban wing of American politics." The only honorable

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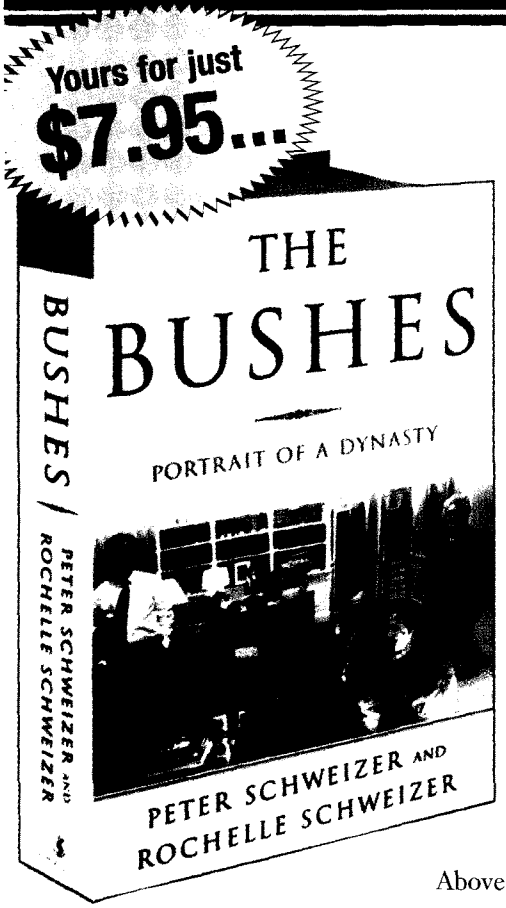
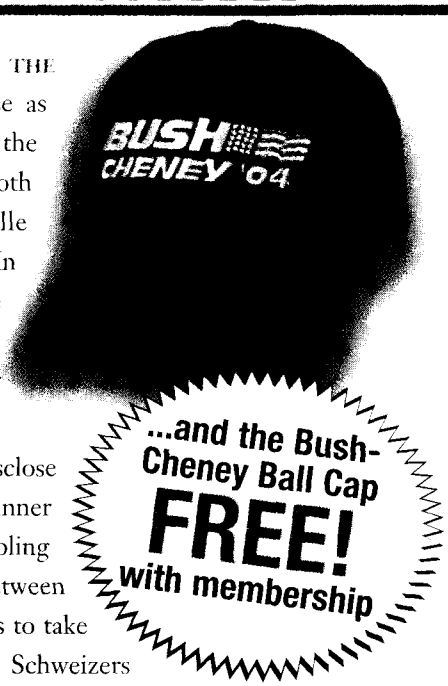
The Untold Story of the Remarkable Rise of the Bush Dynasty



"The Schweizers have penetrated to the heart of the Bush family. This is as close as anyone has ever been able to get." That's the assessment of Doug Wead, a former aide to both Bush presidents, about Peter and Rochelle Schweizer's ***The Bushes: Portrait of a Dynasty***. In this first full-scale biography of the Bushes, the Schweizers show why the Bushes have quietly come to outshine even the Kennedys in their power and influence on the American scene.



In this illuminating book, the Schweizers disclose never-before-revealed information about the inner workings of the Bush clan—including the sibling rivalry between George W. and Jeb; divisions between father and son over the Iraq war; and Jeb's plans to take on Hillary and run for President in 2008. The Schweizers also delve into the Bushes' secret business dealings and detail how their shrewd alliances with other American dynasties—including the Kennedys, Rockefellers and Tafts—have all helped to consolidate their power within the Republican Party.

Above all, we see George W. Bush as his family sees him: an intensely driven, deeply religious man with a patriot's heart. Relying on statements from close Bush family members, the Schweizers explain how the President deals with the stresses of the war on terrorism, how he sees it as a religious war, and how his profound Christian faith influences what he says and does.

The Bushes highlights the qualities that have made this family more successful than any other political family in American history—and assures them a long future on our nation's political stage.

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THE WEEK...

reason for Bush to address the NAACP would be to denounce it. Better to spend the president's time on the Terror War, convention planning, or National Secretaries Week.

■ What did Sandy Berger stuff in his clothes and why did he stuff it? These are the questions at the heart of a Washington flap that promises to be legendary. Bill Clinton's national security adviser took notes at the National Archives in preparation for his 9/11 commission testimony, and then removed those notes, along with some classified documents themselves. Berger may have broken the law and is being investigated. In addition, some of the documents are nowhere to be found, raising the possibility that Berger could have been trying to hide something from the commission about the Clinton administration's response to terror. It is much too early to conclude anything, except perhaps that the media are willing to cut a Democrat in such circumstances a lot of slack. Can you imagine the reaction if Condi Rice had just happened to slip a few classified documents into her pantsuit? The broadcast air is full of commentary on the "suspicious timing" of the leak of the Berger investigation, right before the release of the 9/11 commission's report and the Democratic convention. But Berger is surrounded by former Clinton lawyers talented at the dark art of spinning a scandal—don't be surprised if the leak, which has enabled Berger's supporters to wax indignant, is ultimately shown to have come from the former Clintonite's camp. Meantime, watch that man's socks!

■ The Bureau of Labor Statistics reported that, in May and June, the hourly earnings of production workers (that is, workers outside management) fell. Wages during those months did not keep up with inflation. The Kerry campaign and the *New York Times* believe that the recent data amount to a general indictment of President Bush's economic policies. But wages have increased during Bush's time in office. His "record" on wage growth—assuming that presidents really can be held responsible for such trends—looks better than Clinton's did at the same point in his presidency. Hourly earnings, adjusted for inflation, went up 2.1 percent between January 2001 and June 2004. Between January 1993 and June 1996, they went up only 0.4 percent. It was not until Clinton's second term that wages really started to rise. Will Bush amass the same record in his second term? There is only one way to find out, although we doubt the *Times* will like it.

■ Although President Bush has raised more money than John Kerry—$218 million to $149 million, according to the FEC filings in May—there's a good chance Democrats trying to defeat him will outspend Republicans trying to re-elect him. That's because Democrats hold such a huge advantage among the 527s, independent groups named after a section of the tax code. Unlike the parties, the 527s face few restrictions on their funding. Under the new campaign-finance regime, they've assumed many of the roles traditionally performed by the parties, from paying for campaign ads to getting out the vote. The Democrats were quick to exploit this opportunity and began raising money last year. So far, they've collected nearly $70 million. Much of this cash has bankrolled a series of ads trashing Bush, allowing Kerry to spend his own money on upbeat biographical ads. (Did you know that the senator served in Vietnam?) Rather than creating their own network of 527s, Republicans opted to question their legality—and suffered a serious blow in May when the FEC rightly decided not to regulate them. They've been playing catch-up ever since, and not very well. The most successful GOP group, Progress for America, raised a little more than $2 million in the second quarter of this year. The leading Democratic groups, the Media Fund and America Coming Together, raked in a combined $20 million. If Kerry triumphs in November, this will be a reason.

■ Looking out on a crowd of 3,200 in New York, the Teresa Who Would Be First Lady said, "Women for Kerry need birth control, you've gotten so huge." We would simply like to stress that it is Mrs. Kerry, not NR, who favors limiting the birth of Women for Kerry.

■ John Edwards famously complains that there are two Americas, and that the system is rigged to benefit the rich one. The editors of the *Wall Street Journal* report that the senator has gone to great lengths to illustrate the point in his tax returns, using a legal maneuver that lets him out of paying Medicare taxes. There are ways of rationalizing away this apparent hypocrisy: Edwards could say that it would be unfair to ask him, alone among rich people, to foreswear the benefits of unfair tax laws. People can draw their own conclusions about how public-spirited such a stance is. We will press the point no further. It is worth noting, as always, that America is a marvelous country. Here even the son-of-a-mill-worker can grow up to have his own tax shelter.

■ Tobacco-state congressmen and anti-tobacco activists have reached a deal. The FDA will get new authority to regulate tobacco, and federal quotas for tobacco growers will end. In return, the farmers who are losing their quotas will get $12 billion in subsidies. Philip Morris is pleased, as the regulations in the bill will hurt its competitors. The bill to effect this deal is called the "tobacco buyout," but it is really a sellout—of taxpayers, and of smokers. Both the House and the Senate have passed versions of the bill. Conservative congressmen, or at least those from outside tobacco country, should do what they can to make it go up in smoke.

■ Introducing John Kerry at a rally, Massachusetts state senator Dianne Wilkerson referred to George W. Bush's education policy (No Child Left Behind) as "No Black Child Learns Under Bush." Senator Kerry craves that Kennedyesque aura. Has he found his Ted Sorensen?

■ A coalition of liberals and social conservatives wants the federal government to force cable companies to offer consumers "à la carte" programming. For the conservatives in particular, the goal is to enable consumers to get the channels they want without having to buy access to racier fare. Parents especially will sympathize with that goal. But the means in question amount to

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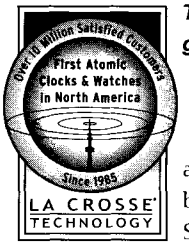

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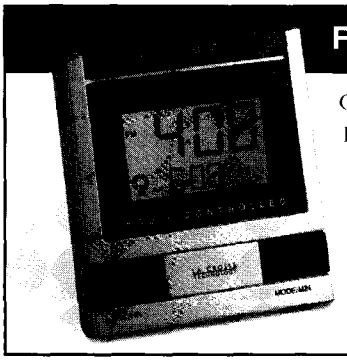

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a wholesale overwriting of contractual arrangements. If consumer demand for à la carte options is sufficiently strong, there is no structural impediment to the market's satisfaction of it. Parents who wish to shield their children from immoral influences can monitor their viewing, block channels, or forego cable (or television) altogether. We realize that the existence of these options falls short of a comprehensive solution to the difficulties of raising children in a culture that sometimes seems hostile to the enterprise. But using economic regulation to restructure an industry in the hope of a marginal gain in parents' ability to control the box is the wrong approach.

■ "Chest out, shoulders back, stomach in," the drill sergeants used to bark. Nowadays if a female recruit's chest doesn't go out far enough, the U.S. Army will take care of the problem for her. Between the years 2000 and 2003, Army surgeons performed 496 breast enlargements. They also did 1,361 liposuction surgeries on soldiers and their dependents, along with nose jobs, face lifts, teeth straightening, and other cosmetic procedures. For personnel in all four branches of the military, and for members of their immediate families, free plastic surgery is one of the benefits of enlistment. When this fact was uncovered by *The New Yorker*, an Army spokeswoman put the best face she could on it, arguing that Army surgeons need to practice so they can do reconstructive surgery on wounded soldiers. Hmm. We don't begrudge our servicemen and women some reasonable job perks, but breast enlargement? Do our front-line troops really need their front lines improved at taxpayer expense?

■ In the bluest of blue states, here is liberalism on the ground (from "Latino Parents Speaking Out on Bilingual Education Failures," by Samuel G. Freedman, the *New York Times*, July 14): "On a sultry night in late June, when the school term was nearly over, two dozen parents gathered in a church basement in Brooklyn to talk about what a waste the year had been. Immigrants from Mexico and the Dominican Republic, raising their children in the battered neighborhood of Bushwick . . . they condemned a system that consigned their children to a linguistic ghetto, cut off from the United States of integration and upward mobility. . . . 'I'm very angry,' Ms. [Benerita] Salsedo said in Spanish through an interpreter. 'The school is supposed to do what's best for the kids. The school puts my kids' education in danger, because everything is in English [in America].' . . . The grievances of Bushwick's parents point at an overlooked truth. The foes of bilingual education, at least as practiced in New York, are not Eurocentric nativists but Spanish-speaking immigrants who struggled to reach the United States and struggle still at low-wage jobs to stay here so that their children can acquire and rise with an American education, very much including fluency in English." An open door at the borders, a closed door at the schools: the worst of both worlds.

■ The headline was five words long, but spoke volumes: *USS COLE* ATTACK TRIAL OPENS (*New York Sun*). The American destroyer was attacked in Aden harbor in October 2000 by al-Qaeda terrorists, who killed 17 American sailors. Abd al-Rahim al-Nashiri, the alleged mastermind, was captured in the United Arab Emirates in 2002 and handed over to American authorities. This month, he and five henchmen were indicted in a court in Sana, Yemen. The War on Terror will involve many painstaking chess combinations in which, after years of patience and guile, the trap springs on a villain. But since the *Cole* attack, al-Qaeda killed thousands of Americans. America responded by rearranging the societies of 50 million people. *Nota bene*, Osama. We can play it small, and we can play it big. And it's not your choice.

■ The International Atomic Energy Agency, thanks to a concerted American diplomatic effort, recently brought Iran's nuclear-weapons program to the forefront of international attention. Now new evidence has emerged that should amplify worries about Tehran's intentions. According to news accounts, the 9/11 commission's final report will say that the Iranian government failed to stamp the passports of several September 11 hijackers as they traveled through Iran to the United States (an Iranian stamp might have meant special scrutiny on entrance). The mullahs are evidently also doing their best to undermine the new Iraqi government: In early July, American and Iraqi forces captured two self-identified Iranian intelligence officers carrying explosives in Baghdad. (National Review Online's Michael Ledeen reported in June that Iraqi officials had apprehended eight Iranian intelligence officers in Najaf.) The question Bush critics are asking now—Did we invade the wrong country?—is frivolous. What we should be asking is, How can we stop the mullahs from further undermining American interests and international security by developing nuclear weapons, aiding terrorist groups, and carrying out terror attacks of their own? The time has come for the Bush administration to articulate a coherent strategy on Iran—which might start with encouraging the Iranian pro-democracy movement.

■ The International Court of Justice ruled against Israel's security fence in a slipshod opinion that should serve to bring discredit on "international justice." The opinion's discussion of history is remarkable: "The Arab population of Palestine and

TELL JAY ROCKEFELLER

Joe Wilson, like the lady who
Was domiciled in Niger,
Then (gulp) became an entrée for
A smiling Niger tiger,
Joe's been discovered in a lie:
His Niger book's pure fiction
And wipes the smiles off liberals,
Who hiss a malediction.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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THE WEEK...

the Arab States rejected [the 1947 U.N. Partition Resolution], contending that it was unbalanced." This is an odd way of describing the fundamental rejection by the Arabs of Israel's right to exist. The opinion grants Israel no right of self-defense against non-state actors such as the Palestinians. This is completely contrary to international law, which has always recognized that a state can engage in armed conflict against a non-state actor. (Not to mention that actual existing states have always engaged in such conflict when necessary.) The decision is also inconsistent with the Security Council's post-September 11 resolutions, which specifically acknowledge that the U.S. has the right to defend itself against al-Qaeda, a non-state actor. This isn't reasoning but simple anti-Israel partisanship, given a patina of respectability by the fancy robes of those acting on it.

■ The Philippines began withdrawing its 51-man contingent of troops in Iraq in an effort to save the life of Angelo de la Cruz, a truck driver abducted outside Fallujah by terrorists. It's not as if the Filipinos don't know better: They face a merciless jihadist insurgency in the Muslim areas of their own southern islands. The Filipinos also undoubtedly know of Rudyard Kipling, who addressed his poem "The White Man's Burden" to the United States at the time it wrested the Philippines from Spain. That would be an uncomfortable memory. But Kipling, who was a diverse poet, has an even more uncomfortable

Goose-Killers

THE latest crusade in Washington seeks to do to the pharmaceutical-drug industry what trial lawyers and Naderites did to the tobacco and asbestos producers in the 1990s: demonize them and then milk them dry of every dollar of profits. A key difference, of course, is that while tobacco and asbestos are dangerous to human health, drugs save lives—millions of them. It would be difficult to identify a single industry that has done more over the past century to improve life on earth.

That's not the way Rep. Gil Gutknecht (R., Minn.) and most of his congressional colleagues see it. Gutknecht has been shouting about the high prices of prescription drugs and he routinely lambastes the industry for "shameful profiteering." He and Sen. Byron Dorgan (D., N.D.) are advancing legislation to impose a back-door form of price controls on the drug industry. In the wake of last year's Medicare prescription-drug-benefit bill, the price-controls bill is now sprinting through Congress.

THE GOOSE THAT LAYS GOLDEN EGGS

PERCENT OF NEW DRUGS DEVELOPED WORLDWIDE

	No Price Controls	Price Controls	
	U.S.	Europe	Japan
1989-93	22%	46%	31%
1994-98	33%	40%	24%
1999-03	43%	36%	16%

SOURCE: EUROPEAN FEDERATION OF PHARMACEUTICAL INDUSTRIES AND ASSOC. 2004.

The drug industry has itself partially to blame for this fiasco. The pharmaceutical association foolishly supported the Medicare expansion bill, and should have seen this train wreck coming. It didn't take a great stretch of the imagination to predict that once the government became a primary payer for prescription drugs, it would not be long before Congress felt an irresistible urge to begin regulating the prices. (Government has already imposed price controls on many doctor and hospital services paid for by Medicare.)

One proposal currently gaining steam would repeal a federal law that prevents the government from setting drug prices. An even more insidious bill in the Senate would not only allow the reimportation of drugs from Canada at their government-controlled cut-rate prices, but require U.S. drug firms to sell as many of the drugs as the Canadians want at that price. This forced-sales provision is a clear "taking" of private property—and yet it has support even among many Republicans.

Normally sane legislators embrace these foolhardy policies partly because of the myth that prescription drugs are *too* expensive. Gutknecht likes to point to anti-stroke drugs that cost $69 a bottle in the U.S., but only half that in Canada. The problem is, it costs the industry an estimated $400 million in research and development to put a new drug on the market. Is $69 too much to pay for a wonder drug that didn't exist ten years ago and prevents fatalities? If you sweat profits out of the industry, where does the venture capital come from to develop the next generation of cures? Virtually every organization that lobbies for finding cures for deadly and crippling diseases—from the American Cancer Society to AIDS victims groups—understands that price controls slow the race for the cure, and thus are dangerous to our health.

Strong evidence points to the severe harm price controls have done to the pharmaceutical industry in other industrialized nations. The chart nearby shows that the U.S. has come to dominate the pharmaceutical market in recent years, precisely because we are virtually the only nation left that does not impose ceilings on profits. European drug companies say price controls have caused R&D dollars to flow to America. We should learn from the mistakes of the Europeans and the Canadians; if the U.S. imposes price controls, there is no place left for this industry to go.

—STEPHEN MOORE

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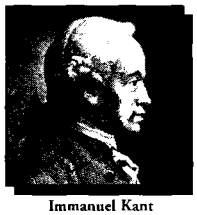
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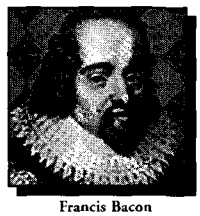
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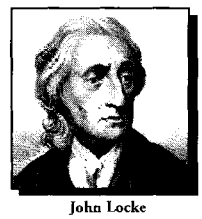
John Locke

René Descartes

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Perhaps more so than in any other discipline, philosophy is best understood as a "great conversation" held across hundreds of years. All philosophers—and we are all philosophers or their followers—have the same eternal questions.

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A life-long student of these issues, Professor Robinson is a Philosophy Faculty Member at Oxford University and Adjunct Professor of Psychology at Columbia University. He is Distinguished Research Professor, Emeritus, at Georgetown University. He has published well over a dozen books on a remarkable range of subjects, including the connection between his two specialties, philosophy and psychology, and aesthetics, politics, and human nature.

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THE WEEK...

thought for this occasion: "And that is called paying the Dane-geld; / But we've proved it again and again, / That if once you have paid him the Dane-geld / You never get rid of the Dane."

■ Sudan has encouraged Arab Muslim militias to slaughter black Muslims; hundreds of thousands of the latter are facing death from starvation and disease, while their persecutors block the distribution of humanitarian aid. The U.S. has been pushing for immediate U.N. sanctions. But in the face of "mounting international resistance," as all the news reports put it, the U.S. is considering abandoning the proposal. The resistance comes from the usual quarters. The French foreign minister has dismissed claims by human-rights groups that a campaign of ethnic cleansing is being waged. Pakistan and China have opposed any U.N. resolution that would directly criticize the government of Sudan. Egypt's ambassador to Sudan charges Washington with exaggerating what the U.N. has called "the world's worst humanitarian crisis" in order to discredit Sudan's Islamist government. The world does not care when Muslims suffer, as long as they are not suffering in the West Bank. John Kerry told the NAACP that Bush has not done enough about Sudan. Maybe he should have a word with his friends in Paris.

■ Paul Klebnikov was born and brought up in the United States, a member of a distinguished Russian family that had fled the 1917 revolution. Writing for *Forbes* magazine, he made a reputation as an investigative journalist. The title of one of his books is *Godfather of the Kremlin: Boris Berezovsky and the Looting of the Kremlin*. Which tells its story. This April, aged 41, Klebnikov moved to Moscow as editor-in-chief of *Forbes Russia*. In one issue he published a list of the hundred richest men in the country. To some that might have looked like denunciation. Waiting outside his office, a couple of killers pumped four shells from their handguns into him. He had time only to say that he didn't know who had murdered him, or why. It was revenge, "Russian-style," Berezovsky himself surmised. Twenty journalists have been killed in post-Communist Russia, 14 of them during Putin's presidency, and not one of these cases has been solved. "Who whom?" Lenin famously asked about the exercise of power. The question is still valid in Moscow.

■ Air travel, which for economy-class passengers gets ever more cramped and unpleasant, is at least poised to become more interesting. Boeing and Airbus are going head to head in a fierce struggle for world supremacy. Airbus is taking orders for the A380, a double-decked, four-aisled, 555-passenger behemoth that only major hub airports like London, New York, and Frankfurt can accommodate. Boeing, on the other hand, is introducing the long-range, midsize, 250-seat 7E7 ("Dreamliner") for direct point-to-point flights between second-tier regional airports—which means reaching more destinations with fewer connections. Boeing and Airbus—long mortal enemies—are gambling on two very different business strategies, and the pot, if measured by how much airlines are expected to spend on new passenger craft, is estimated at some $2 trillion over the next 20 years. Accordingly, both manufacturers are fighting to grab airline orders from each other: At the recent Farnborough International Air Show, for instance, Airbus flattened Boeing by announcing a 36-plane order from Abu Dhabi, though Boeing says it too may enter the superjumbo race by "stretching" the venerable 747. Marking the end of a three-year downturn in air travel, such competition—red in tooth and claw—can in the end only be good for consumers.

■ Pop singer Elton John peered out from under his rug to tell a magazine interviewer that: "There's an atmosphere of fear in America right now that is deadly." Well, yes, many of us are indeed fearful that some plane we are flying on will be hijacked by lunatics and steered into a tall building. That, however, is not what Mr. John is talking about. "There was a moment about a year ago when you couldn't say a word about anything in this country for fear of your career being shot down by people saying you are un-American." Oh, that kind of fear. Mr. John reminisced nostalgically about the 1960s, when the protest songs of people like Bob Dylan and Pete Seeger challenged the establishment. "That's not happening right now," he lamented. Is it not? Michael Moore seems to be eating pretty well. And after all, the young folk whose political consciousness was formed by the Sixties protest songs are now running newspapers, TV networks, universities, and the Democratic party. Over huge swathes of our journalistic and political culture, they *are* the establishment. Along with aging zillionaire pop singers.

■ Rap singer Jason T. Phillips, who records under the name "Jadakiss," has a new song out titled "Why?" It asks, among other things, "Why did Bush knock down the towers?" This is Mr. Phillips's first venture into political commentary. Until now his recordings have mainly featured musical sketches of street life, along the lines of: "F***ing with me is like jumpin' off a cliff, nigga." Why this turn to politics? Mr. Phillips explains that: "I'm growing up, I'm getting a little older. I've got two kids. I'm almost 30 years old." He has watched *Fahrenheit 9/11* twice, he tells us, and has registered to vote in November's elections. Well, civic participation is a very fine thing, and it's good to see Mr. Phillips pondering large national issues, rather than just boasting that: "Touch me, you ashes, boy, I'ma leave you gaseous." We can't help wishing, though, that he'd grow up even more before casting his vote.

■ A blogger who is a fan of Ralph Nader went through the FEC records, looking for the political contributions of journalists. Out of more than 100 journalists at 50 publications, one (at *Time*) gave to Nader; two (one from *Forbes*, one from the *Washington Times*) gave to the RNC; the rest gave to Democrats, chiefly to Kerry (Jann Wenner of *Rolling Stone* gave $2,000 to Al Sharpton). No one gave to George W. Bush. Drawing the obvious inference from this state of affairs, Evan Thomas, assistant managing editor of *Newsweek*, said on *Inside Washington* that the media "wants Kerry to win. . . . They're going to portray Kerry and Edwards as being young

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and dynamic and optimistic and there's going to be this glow about them . . ." Quis custodiet ipsos custodes? (That's Latin for, Why are so many journalists Democrats?)

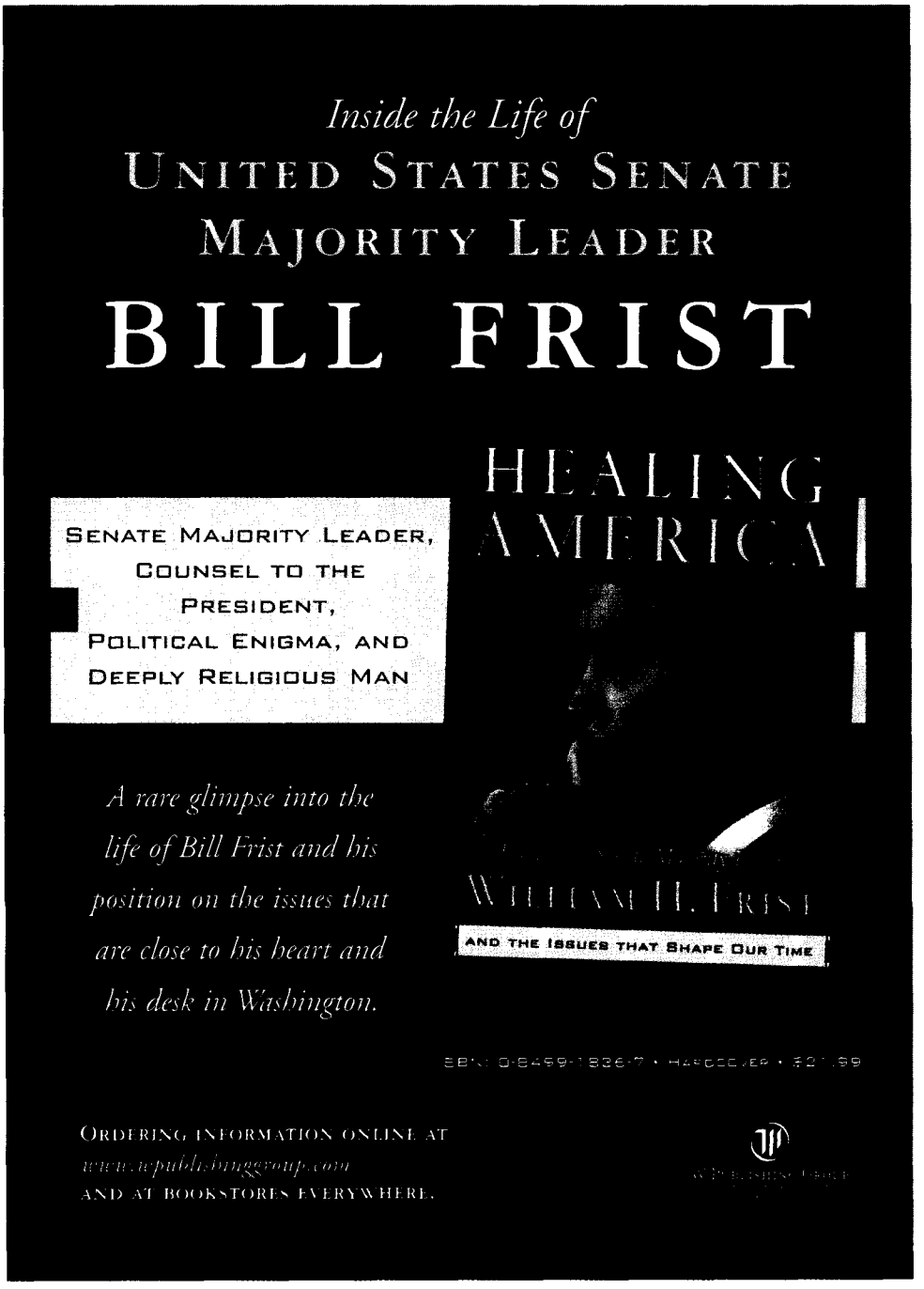
■ "What's the matter with kids today?" wondered the late Paul Lynde in *Bye Bye Birdie*. Not much, apparently. Rates of teen pregnancy and student marijuana use are plummeting. College freshmen who call themselves liberals outnumbered conservatives by about three to one in 1971; now the figures are roughly even. Harris pollsters report that 91 percent of young people want to marry, with three as the preferred number of children. The number of married-couple families is rising. The number of working women with infants is dropping. *And* more brides are taking their husbands' names. After the Boomers, the Me Generation, and Generation X, we may be heading for a great generation of Americans—sober, civic-minded, family-oriented, patriotic, and conservative. We say yes to Y.

■ Constantine Menges, a Turkish-born freedom fighter and right-wing revolutionary, has died at the age of 64. From helping East German refugees escape over the Berlin Wall, to working for equal voting rights in Mississippi, to organizing civil resistance after the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, Menges sought to extend the sphere of freedom to the oppressed. In the early 1980s, he worked as a Latin America specialist for the CIA and the White House—from which perch he helped plan the liberation of Grenada from the Castro-backed Communist government, threw his weight behind the Nicaraguan Contras, and supported the Salvadoran rebels. "Constant Menace," as he was nicknamed by his friends (and foes), firmly believed in rolling back Moscow by turning the Soviets' own methods against them through sponsoring "national liberation movements," authorizing covert action, and underwriting democratic revolutionary insurgencies in anti-American despotisms. More recently, Menges cast his eye on the rise of China and Russia, the emerging pro-Castro constellation in Latin America, and the dubious role of Iran in Middle Eastern affairs. We will miss his wisdom and spirit in the tumultuous era to come. R.I.P.

CAMPAIGN 2004

Where's the Beef?

THE negative side of the Bush campaign seems to be shaping up reasonably well. Republicans seem to be reaching the conclusion that they should attack Kerry less as a flip-flopper than as a liberal: Nobody is scared of flip-floppers' winning high office. They seem also to see that they can call Kerry's values into question by attacking his policies rather than his character. Republicans will criticize Kerry as a man who will make it harder to fight terrorism, will raise taxes, and will happily stand by as the courts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deform marriage. We would change the negative strategy at the margins. The critique of Kerry on the war will not work, in our judgment, unless it becomes a critique of his entire party. But the fundamentals of the campaign against Kerry are sound.

Where, meanwhile, is the positive, substantive side of the campaign? People are noticing that the president has not presented an agenda for his second term should he be re-elected. He is being advised to unveil such an agenda on the theory that it could be attractive to voters. That is true. But it is also true that the president owes voters an explanation of what he wants to do in his second term before he asks us to support him. How does he intend to advance conservative goals during the next four years? Presumably he does not want his administration to drift the way second terms often do. But if he does not campaign on a conservative agenda now, what chance does he have of successfully acting on it later?

According to reports, Bush may announce some initiatives imminently. We will measure the scope of his ambition by whether he addresses Social Security. Nowhere is presidential leadership more needed. Reform is going to be extremely difficult, and the president needs a mandate for it. It could also provide him with a campaign theme: securing the future. The president's conservative policies, from winning the peace in Iraq to promoting health savings accounts, all fit under that rubric. It is the most attractive overarching theme he has available. Reforming Social Security so that all Americans can own wealth fits naturally with that theme. It is, indeed, the indispensable domestic centerpiece of a campaign based on it. But if the president ducks the issue, entitlements will continue to threaten to swallow the budget, and the future will not be secure.

So far, the president has been ducking it. His instincts on the issue are sound, and he showed political courage in raising the issue during the 2000 campaign. But he has let House Republican leaders wallow for too long in their misplaced fears. They are fine men, but they have shown no practical interest in long-term strategies to expand the conservative base of their party. Social Security reform is such a strategy. It has been left to backbench conservatives like Jeff Flake, Sam Johnson, Paul Ryan, and Pat Toomey to advance bills on the subject. It is they who deserve presidential support.

And there is another reason for Bush to act. Many conservatives are dismayed at the way the federal government has expanded under him. This magazine has long urged conservatives to support the president anyway. We believed that he would advance other conservative goals, such as strengthening national security. We also hoped that he would implement policies that would change American politics in a way that made it easier to limit government in the future. Reforming Social Security to create a society of investors is foremost among those policies. If the president does not follow through on it, the case that people who want a smaller government should back him becomes a lot harder to make.

We would prefer that the president start talking about Social Security as soon as possible, and no later than his convention speech. It has been more than a year since the president addressed the American public in an effective way. A lot is going to be riding on that speech.

MARRIAGE

The Senators Dodge

One of the great political strengths of the liberal coalition is its ability to use the courts to get its way. Its politicians do not have to stick their necks out for unpopular elements of the liberal agenda. The courts take care of those issues. Conservatives who want to counter this maneuver are forced to take desperate measures.

So it was in the Senate's debate over the Federal Marriage Amendment. Ted Kennedy was just about the only senator to say that he actually *favored* same-sex marriage. Most Democrats claimed that they opposed it—but also opposed doing anything to stop the courts from imposing it. Some liberal gay activists may have resented the Democrats' failure to stand forthrightly with them. But most of them don't mind. They are canny enough to know that if they are going to win on marriage, they will win in the courts, not in legislatures.

Most opponents of the FMA insisted that a constitutional amendment was not necessary. John McCain, another professed opponent of same-sex marriage, insisted that the Defense of Marriage Act would keep same-sex marriage from being imposed on any state. But that act is very limited in scope: It attempts merely to guarantee that states do not have to recognize other states' same-sex marriages. It did not keep the high court of Massachusetts from imposing same-sex marriage, and would not block the other 49 state judiciaries from following its lead. It would not keep the Supreme Court from imposing same-sex marriage on the whole nation, either. McCain's argument is a way for politicians to say that an amendment is premature all the way until the time when same-sex marriage has become a fait accompli.

Nor is there any guarantee that the Defense of Marriage Act, weak as it is, will survive. Hillary Clinton said that the act "has not even been challenged at the federal level." Her statement was incorrect: Already two federal courts are hearing challenges to the act.

Several opponents of the FMA insisted that the amendment would enshrine bigotry. Sens. Frank Lautenberg and Pat Leahy were among those who argued that it would make homosexuals "second-class citizens." But if that is the case, it must be that any opposition to same-sex marriage is bigoted and discriminatory. Lautenberg and Leahy should be condemning most of their Democratic colleagues, who claim to oppose same-sex marriage—including John Kerry and John Edwards.

Opponents of the FMA created two additional distractions to keep from having to make the case for same-sex marriage. The first was to pretend that the amendment would keep state legislatures from choosing to establish same-sex civil unions. The original draft of the amendment had given them an opening. It said that courts could not interpret state "laws" to confer the benefits of marriage on same-sex couples; so it was possible to argue that the amendment would keep courts from enforcing any civil-union laws that legislatures passed. But the wording of the amendment was changed months ago. The reference to state laws is gone. This is an invented issue.

The second move was the most common one in the debate: to

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pretend that there is no gathering judicial tendency to impose same-sex marriage. Time and again, senators said that each state should decide whether to have same-sex marriage. But this supposed "federalism" amounts to letting state courts impose same-sex marriage one by one as a prelude to a nationwide ruling by federal courts. The only people asking for the public to enter the debate are supporters of the FMA, who want Congress and state legislatures to vote to ban same-sex marriage. It is the opponents of the FMA who would deprive the people of the states a voice, by letting the courts settle the issue without a public vote.

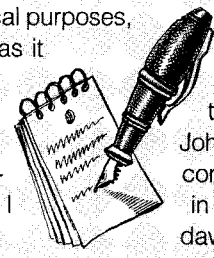
Opponents of the marriage amendment want to talk about federalism, about civil unions—about everything but same-sex marriage. They won this round: The amendment got only 48 votes, and it needed 67. Next time, supporters of marriage as we know it have to make sure that liberals do not get away with dodging the issue. The place to start is on the campaign trail. The president supports marriage, and means to do something to keep it. His challenger says he supports marriage, too, but has declined repeated invitations to do something about it. (He even voted against the 1996 Defense of Marriage Act.) This is a legitimate campaign issue, and we hope that the president makes intelligent use of it.

notes & asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Is it characteristic of all of us that we mess up our writing by trying to impress? It can cause some to mess up their grammar, although I am not sure whom would make that mistake. It can cause some, *post ergo*, to mess up with Latin, and it can even lead to the inâppròpríate use of accent marks. I, myself, worry the most about grammar, but I take comfort that the one thing that I really care about, which is precision in meaning, can survive some errors. Ain't that the truth?

I am starting to suspect that my only strong point is your only weakness: technical jargon. In NATIONAL REVIEW of May 31 (p. 58) you say: "One reason for this is that the reduction in the size of the state is an asymptotic enterprise." *Asymptotic* is a word I reserve for technical audiences. One can argue that the underlying idea is quite simple, but as it is essentially a point of calculus, it is simple in nearly precisely the same way that calculus is simple. I was not even sure what you meant by the use of *asymptotic* in this context, and I think that is a bad sign for at least one of us. Upon a quick check of several dictionaries, the only definitions I found were essentially the mathematical one I know. If I understand you correctly, then I must say you are wrong. In an ideal world, the size of the state would be whittled asymptotically towards an ideal size, getting arbitrarily close over time. However, in practice the reduction of the state is like jungle warfare. Making broad strokes with a machete, or better yet a kukri, one cuts away great gobs of state bureaucracy only to find that even larger state organs sprang up while one was resting from the exertion.

Again, I use *asymptotic* only with technical groups. I might say, for example: "The Fibonacci sequence is asymptotically a geometric sequence." With a more general audience I would say: "The Fibonacci sequence is, for all practical purposes, a geometrical sequence as it closely approximates a geometric sequence over time."



Am I being supercilious, or worse yet, am I mistaken?

Very truly yours,
Jim Cargal
Montgomery, Ala.

Dear Mr. Cargal: I was moved by your letter—to go to my OED on the high shelf. My investigation was reassuring. Let me give you, under the adverb *asymptotically*, the following: "1886 A. B. Bruce. *Mirac. Elements in Gospels*, i. 42. A moral ideal which in the natural order of things can never be more than asymptotically approximated." That conveys the point of a word I've used for years and years, having picked it up from a professor while I was at Yale. So forgive my walking away with your technical language and borrowing it for metaphorical purposes.

Yours cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: In Notes & Asides for June 28 you take umbrage at Patrick Dempsey's glancing reference to Samuel Johnson as a "harmless drudge." "Sir," you say, "you can have the Ukraine, but not the great Johnson. We'll just forget you said that." Don't be too eager to forget it. Mr. Dempsey's phrase is mildly clever. In his monumental—and occasionally playful—*Dictionary of the English Language* (1755), Johnson defines *lexicographer* as "a writer of dictionaries; a harmless drudge, that busies himself in tracing the original, and detailing the signification of words."

For your penance please look up the work by Wordsworth to which John O'Sullivan alludes in the hilarious conclusion to his essay on the Gipper in the same issue: "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, and to be middle-aged was very heaven."

Middle-aged? I am reminded, Bill, that this summer marks my 45th year of reading NR, in which I have been vigilant since grammar school. To paraphrase Wordsworth and O'Sullivan: "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, and to be very young was very heaven." As I am subscribed through 2009 I hope to make it an even 50 years, something Dr. Johnson himself would envy.

Yours,
J. R. Hall
Professor of English
University of Mississippi

Dear Professor Hall: We'll all be rooting for you!
Cordially,

—WFB

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■ CAMPAIGN 2004 ■

Veep for the Ages

And for now

KATE O'BEIRNE

WHEN former President Bush notified the Republican House leader in 1989 that he was nominating Dick Cheney to be secretary of defense, Bob Michel was reportedly distraught. He said, "Mr. President, you're taking my right arm." The current President Bush has no intention of suffering such an amputation. "Dick Cheney is the best vice president this nation has ever had," Bush frequently declares to enthusiastic applause on the campaign trial. His predecessors predictably bestowed similar accolades upon their choices, although this president is the only one who freely allows, "My mother may not agree." He is also the only one with a vice president whose intellect, experience, temperament, and character have made him both indispensable to the administration and an asset on the campaign trail.

"Dick Cheney was made for the kind of race we're going to be running this year," says Bush-Cheney campaign manager Ken Mehlman, dismissing out of hand the recent speculation that Cheney's winning gravitas in 2000 has been replaced by a worrisome gravity in 2004. "This race turns on very big questions and no one is better qualified and able to articulate them than Dick Cheney," Mehlman adds.

In contrast to 1992, when some administration insiders were urging a vice-presidential substitution, the baseless speculation about whether Cheney will remain on the ticket has been largely the handiwork of Democratic strategists—in the hope that their mischaracterizations of the vice president might stick. The disinformation campaign dubs Cheney a "ball and chain that Bush is carrying around," because the vice president is seen as "stubborn and ideological." He is "secretive" and far too "dark and dour" to win a face-off with the "sunny and expansive" Edwards. (Of course, talking about Cheney's alleged handicaps distracts attention from the disappointingly modest boost the sunny John Edwards gave Kerry's ticket.)

The poll ratings that Democrats elatedly cite as evidence of Cheney's drag on Bush's own ticket are actually the standard for vice presidents. President Bush's favorability rating is a little higher than Cheney's, but so too is his unfavorability rating. GOP pollster Ed Goeas explains that voters view a vice president through the prism of the president, not the reverse. And in the most recent Gallup poll, 46 percent had a favorable view of Dick Cheney, compared with 42 percent who rated him unfavorably. Goeas points out that in June 2000—when Al Gore had a 47-44 favorable/unfavorable rating—rather than despairing about the obvious damaged goods they had on their hands, Democrats were eagerly looking forward to nominating him for president. Gallup found that the 59 percent of Americans who now think that Cheney should remain on the ticket is up from a year ago.

While the vice president is enormously popular with conservative voters, his campaigning hasn't been limited to enthusing the GOP's base in Bush's red states. In recent days, Cheney has made campaign stops in Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania in addition to Missouri and Ohio. Ed Goeas's bipartisan Battleground poll shows that Cheney enjoys a net positive rating of over 20 points among suburban men and women. Veterans have a net positive view of Cheney by over 10 points. The data also bear out Mehlman's view of the man and the moment: Voters who see the terrorist threat as the most important issue approve of the vice president by a 61-31 margin, those most concerned about prosperity by a 52-43 margin, and those most concerned about taxes by a margin of 62-31. These are enviable ratings for this rarest of political specimens: one who doesn't care a whit about burnishing his image.

The stump speech Cheney delivers during the campaigning he relishes includes a powerful, and persuasive, perspective on the War on Terror, along with some of the most effective jabs at the competition. "There is a difference between leading a coalition of many nations and submitting to the objections of a few." And, "America will never go back to the false comforts of the world before 9/11." He points out that Senators Kerry and Edwards "are criticizing the president for looking at the same information they did and coming to the same conclusion they did." Reporters who join him on the road marvel that he is so relaxed, informal, and friendly. They seem to notice—finally—the ever-present

DARREN GYGI

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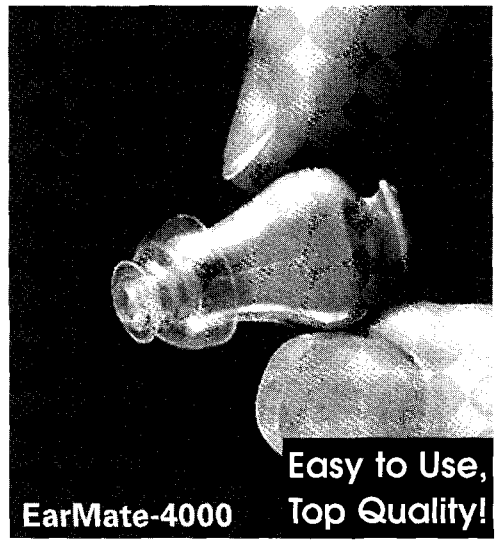

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amused half-smile, and appreciate first-hand the quick, dry wit.

News reports invariably conclude—rightly—that Dick Cheney is unlikely to leave the ticket; but the reasons they cite are as inaccurate as the Democrats' analysis of the vice president's vulnerabilities.

Cheney is a sure bet to remain on the ticket not because President Bush is too loyal to dump someone who has served so selflessly (although this is true of Bush). It is true that, for conservatives, replacing Cheney would be "worse than raising taxes," but he doesn't owe his re-nomination to a fear that the party's base would revolt. Nor is the dread of setting off a succession fight keeping a vice president with no higher aspirations on the ticket. Dick Cheney enjoys ironclad job security, and will share the ballot with George W. Bush again in November, simply because he has proven to be such a splendid choice.

Former congressman Vin Weber sheepishly allows that, when he was elected to the House in 1980, one of his first acts was to vote against Cheney for a GOP leadership post—because the proud Reaganite thought his Wyoming colleague was the moderate in the race. He later appreciated that Cheney was "in every respect one of the most principled conservatives in Congress." Weber points out that Cheney's vast previous experience on Capitol Hill, in the White House, and at the Pentagon explains why President Bush has avoided the pitfalls that have tripped up others who also made a virtue of being from "outside the Beltway." He's convinced that if a Democratic president enjoyed such an "ideal partnership" with his vice president, liberal historians would be celebrating a "historic advance in American governance that has finally made the vice presidency a serious institution rather than a holding tank in case of a catastrophe." Dick Cheney meets with heads of state while they are still breathing.

When 34-year-old Dick Cheney was the youngest chief of staff in history in the Ford White House, his secret-service codename was "Backseat." During that stint, Cheney was the in-house conservative, and in the first Bush administration he was frequently, but always discreetly, at odds with Jim Baker and Brent Scowcroft. Now this committed conservative is philosophically compatible with his boss, but the most important reason the partnership operates so seamlessly is that "Backseat" firmly insists on recognizing who is in the driver's seat.

Vice President Cheney is tasked with helping to develop national-security and economic-policy options for the president's consideration. Although he has been known to balk at including some administration initiatives in his own speeches ("I just don't believe in that"), aides recount that in meetings with cabinet officials and senior staff he asks detailed policy questions without ever revealing his own views. His staff is unaware of whether issues have even been raised with the president, and learn nothing about what advice Cheney has offered. His power doesn't derive from choosing policy winners and losers: Dick Cheney is the most consequential vice president in history because his vast experience, lively intellect, and policy know-how are reserved for the president alone. His only agenda is to provide thoughtful and thorough counsel, and as a result he enjoys the president's absolute trust.

Dick Cheney enjoys ironclad job security simply because he has proven to be such a splendid choice.

Cheney also inspires confidence and a striking loyalty from those who know him best. Aides value the challenge of working for someone so actively engaged in ideas, and appreciate his easygoing manner as an antidote to the pressures of working in the White House. "Hi. It's Dick Cheney," announces him on the phone, and a simple "D" will adorn a memo. One aide contrasts this doting grandfather of four with other powerful politicians by pointing out that he is so unflappable and even-tempered that "there is no need to feel the outside of the door before going in." His staff talks about remaining undistracted in the face of almost daily incoming partisan fire owing to Cheney's "this too shall pass" attitude, stemming from his decades in the political arena. His equanimity has certainly been appropriate, given that the alleged controversies swirling around him all seem to have fizzled out.

The vice president's refusal to turn over the internal notes of his energy task force, based on the separation-of-powers principle he has championed since he served in the House, was recently recognized as a valid constitutional issue by a 7-2 Supreme Court majority. The charge that he leaned on CIA analysts to exaggerate Saddam's weapons capacity was refuted by the Senate Intelligence Committee report that found that, rather than feeling pressured by Cheney, intelligence analysts appreciated his informed interest. The claim that Saddam attempted to buy uranium from Niger has been borne out, while most of Joe Wilson's charges about the administration's perfidy haven't been. In the face of all of these debunked accusations, the vice president counseled his staff to just do their work. "'Work' is a big word around here," a staffer explains.

The vice president is not as detached about the phony charges of steering war profits to his former firm, which was routinely granted contracts under the same terms—for the same kind of emergency work—by the Clinton administration. He regrets that Halliburton is being attacked because of the agenda of his political enemies, and he resents his personal integrity being questioned when he has no financial interest in the company's fortunes. Before becoming vice president, Cheney put options on over 400,000 Halliburton shares in a trust with proceeds donated to charities, including a private scholarship fund for D.C. schoolchildren. His deferred compensation from the company, both modest and irreversible, is insured and therefore divorced from the company's profits or losses.

Since being tapped by Kerry, John Edwards has accused Cheney of "being out of touch with the lives of ordinary Americans." At last year's Gridiron Dinner, the officially off-the-record swell affair where top officials poke fun at themselves for the amusement of Washington's insiders, the freshman senator displayed his own common touch when he objected to the claim that frivolous lawsuits never helped anyone by saying, "Yeah, tell that to my new house in Georgetown." At this year's dinner in early March, Cheney delivered his opinion of Edwards when he responded to a mock question by declaring, "I think he's as cute as a button." **NR**

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■ AT WAR

Why Did Bush Surrender?

The president caved on the Wilson-Niger affair—but he was right all along

BYRON YORK

WHAT a difference a year makes. Last summer, the raging debate in Washington was over 16 words in George W. Bush's State of the Union speech. "The British government has learned that Saddam Hussein recently sought significant quantities of uranium from Africa," the president had said on January 28, 2003, as he made the case for war in Iraq. By March, some Democrats had begun to claim the sentence was a lie. By May and June, the issue had grown acrimonious. By July, it was full-scale political war.

Now, one year later, with the publication of investigative reports from the Senate Intelligence Committee in Washington and the Butler inquiry in London, it appears the president was right all along. British intelligence—and American intelligence, and other intelligence agencies as well—did indeed have substantial reason to believe that Saddam Hussein had sought uranium in Africa.

The Butler Report went so far as to call the president's 16 words "well founded." And the Senate report inflicted serious damage on the credibility of presidential accuser Joseph Wilson, the former ambassador who contends that the information he gathered during a February 2002 trip to Niger proved the president's claim bogus. For a year, Wilson has loudly accused Bush, Vice President Dick Cheney, and others in the administration of twisting the truth (Wilson called Cheney a "lying son of a bitch" during a campaign appearance for John Kerry last December). But the Senate report not only substantiated the president's claim—it also listed multiple examples in which Wilson himself made false or misleading statements about the Niger affair.

So it might seem that the book is now closed on the 16-word affair. But one issue remains unresolved. When Democrats first attacked the president over the uranium-from-Africa claim, the White House vigorously defended itself. But in July 2003, as the controversy reached fever pitch, the White House caved and said the 16 words should not have been included in the State of the Union address. So the question is, If the president was right, why did he back down?

The answer is not entirely clear. The White House has imposed a virtual blackout on comment about the whole Africa matter; officials there simply don't want to talk about it. Still, there are a few knowledgeable people willing to discuss the issue, and it's possible to piece together some conclusions about what happened. And the answer is that the White House appears to have succumbed to what one administration official calls a mixture of "two parts political fear, one part discretion, and one part confusion."

First, the confusion factor. On the evening of Monday, July 7, 2003, the president was scheduled to leave on his first trip to Africa. In the days leading up to his departure, the White House had been working feverishly to force Liberian president Charles Taylor from office. But at the same time, the uranium issue was growing into a virtual firestorm. It reached a peak on Sunday, July 6, the day before the president left, when the *New York Times* published Wilson's op-ed article, "What I Didn't Find in Africa," in which he charged that Bush had "twisted" evidence about Iraq's nuclear efforts. On Monday, the White House surrendered. "Knowing all that we know now," an unnamed administration official told the *Washington Post*, "the reference to Iraq's attempt to acquire uranium from Africa should not have been included in the State of the Union speech."

It appears that some of the president's aides were worried that the uranium issue would grow even more contentious in his absence, completely overshadowing the Africa trip. In addition, they knew there would be logistical problems in dealing with the issue while the president and his top team were on the other side of the world. "It's always more difficult when you're trying to gather all the facts, and the president's key people are traveling with him and several time zones away," says an administration official. All of that suggests that there was a certain amount of hurrying and confusion in the White House's handling of the issue.

Next, the discretion factor. As the weeks and then months after the fall of Baghdad passed without discoveries of weapons of mass destruction, some officials in the White House worried that they had gotten bad information from the CIA on a number of issues involving Iraqi arms. That concern tended to cast doubt on all pre-war intelligence, especially that from the CIA. To illustrate their point, administration officials today refer to what is known as Conclusion 20 in the Senate's report on the uranium affair, which says that the information the CIA gave policymakers was "inconsistent and at times contradictory."

In light of that, some administration officials worried that they could not place confidence in the agency's information about the African uranium claim—and could not keep defending it, even if it ultimately proved to be correct. In the end, some thought, it just wasn't worth the trouble. "You have to ask yourself, 'Given all this, does it really rise to a standard of a State of the Union speech?'" says the source. "No. But is that sentence, knowing what we know now, factually correct? Yes."

Finally, there is the fear factor. In the weeks leading up to the president's surrender, the African-uranium issue dominated the newspapers and television talk shows, and most of the coverage was highly critical of the Bush administration. A search of the Nexis database of newspapers, magazines, and television news programs reveals more than a thousand uses of the phrases "Bush" and "16 words" in July alone. The president was getting hammered.

At the White House, says yet another administration official, "they wanted to

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be responsive" to all the criticism. From their perspective, the 16 words "looked like a mistake" that should be corrected. And, perhaps most important, "they didn't know Wilson was the fraud that he was." The administration lost confidence in its position.

Put it all together—confusion, discretion, and fear—and you have the formula for the president's premature political surrender. But there was one more factor involved, and that was the administration's almost naive underestimation of the ferocity of the Democratic opposition. In retrospect, it appears that, at the moment of maximum pressure, some in the Bush White House believed the issue would simply disappear if the president admitted he was wrong. "It was clear from the buzz that they just wanted to get rid of it," says a fourth administration official. "I think the heat built up so much from the left that the calculation was made that, 'Look, this is too hard, let's just admit we made a mistake, and it'll be over with.'"

But it wasn't over with. In fact, the White House admission helped fuel more "Bush lied" rhetoric from the opposition. Today, the challenge to the president's credibility forms a cornerstone of the Democratic campaign against him. But back then, the White House didn't fully comprehend what was going on.

The result is that now, when the White House has been soundly vindicated by the Senate and Butler reports, the president can't take any credit for being right. Doing so would involve raising the whole issue again and admitting that it had been a mistake to disavow the 16 words. Better simply not to talk about it.

In the end, it was not, to say the least, the administration's finest hour. Although he is as capable as any politician of changing course and backing away from unpopular initiatives, George W. Bush has earned a reputation for holding steadfastly to the big ideas of his presidency. In the case of Iraq, in particular, the president seems serenely confident that vindication will come, if not soon, then in the long run. That confidence is what made his surrender on the "16 words" so surprising. Now that vindication has come, he can't enjoy it. NR

■ **CAMPAIGN 2004 II**

The Two Americas Canard

Dissecting John Edwards's line

DAVID FRUM

TOGETHER, John Kerry and John Edwards possess family fortunes totaling probably in the vicinity of $1 billion. If elected, John Kerry would be the richest president in American history, richer even than his hero John F. Kennedy. And unlike other rich men to seek the presidency—Ross Perot, Herbert Hoover, and so on—Kerry is the very opposite of a self-made man: He came by his money by marrying a woman who inherited it from her husband who in turn inherited it from his great-grandfather.

Yet the Kerry-Edwards campaign is audaciously presenting itself as a crusade against unearned wealth and privilege. As the saying goes: Only in America!

Perhaps conscious of the absurdity of the situation, Kerry has left the populist heavy lifting to his running mate, a man whose fortune is estimated in the mere double-digit millions. But even Edwards must choke a little at the preposterousness of his famous "two Americas" speech:

> One America that does the work, another America that reaps the reward. One America that pays the taxes, another America that gets the tax breaks. One America that will do anything to leave its children a better life, another America that never has to do a thing because its children are already set for life. One America—middle-class America—whose needs Washington has long forgotten, another America—narrow-interest America—whose every wish is Washington's command. One America that is struggling to get by, another America that can buy anything it wants, even a Congress and a president.

By my count, that's actually five different pairs of Americas, and no two pairs overlap.

Pair 1: *Those who work and those who collect rewards without working.* About 60 percent of Americans work; the other 40 percent are in school, retired, unemployed, at home with small children, and so on. It's not very nice of Kerry and Edwards to try to foment divisions between working Americans and their children and retired parents—and it does not seem like very smart politics either.

Pair 2: *Those who pay the taxes and those who get the tax breaks.* About 65 percent of federal income-tax revenue is contributed by the top 10 percent of taxpayers. Again, you have to worry how wise it is of Kerry and Edwards to suggest that some nine-tenths of their fellow citizens are mooching off wealthy people like themselves.

Pair 3: *Those who will do anything for their kids and those who never have to "do a thing" for them.* It is unfortunately true that there are a lot of rotten parents out there. Edwards seems to be suggesting they are all Republicans.

Pair 4: *Middle-class vs. narrow-interest America.* What exactly do Edwards and Kerry offer middle-class America? Astoundingly little, really. In 1992 Bill Clinton offered middle-class tax cuts and universal government-guaranteed health insurance. True, Clinton reneged on the first promise and failed to deliver on the second—but that was after the election. Kerry and Edwards offer neither. In fact, most of their campaign promises are carefully targeted to—you guessed it—"narrow interests."

Pair 5: *Those who are struggling to get by and those who can buy anything they want.* Political pros sometimes talk about 70-30 issues, meaning issues on which one side outnumbers the other by better than a two-to-one margin. Edwards is going here for a 99.9-to-0.1 issue. Who in America can buy anything he wants? Not me, and probably not you either, and possibly not even John Edwards himself. His running mate sure can, however—but does Edwards really mean to condemn *him*?

Mr. Frum, a contributing editor of NR, is the author, most recently, of *An End to Evil* (with Richard Perle).

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How did Edwards talk his way into this maze?

During his own presidential campaign, Edwards plainly hankered to be a Robert F. Kennedy for our times: a handsome, wealthy man who has taken it on himself to give voice to the voiceless, hope to the hopeless—a tribune of the plebs who basks in the gratitude of the adoring throng. But while Edwards may enjoy this mawkish fantasy, the calculating part of his brain recognizes its danger. There simply aren't enough poor people in America to elect a man president, even if they all voted, which they don't and won't.

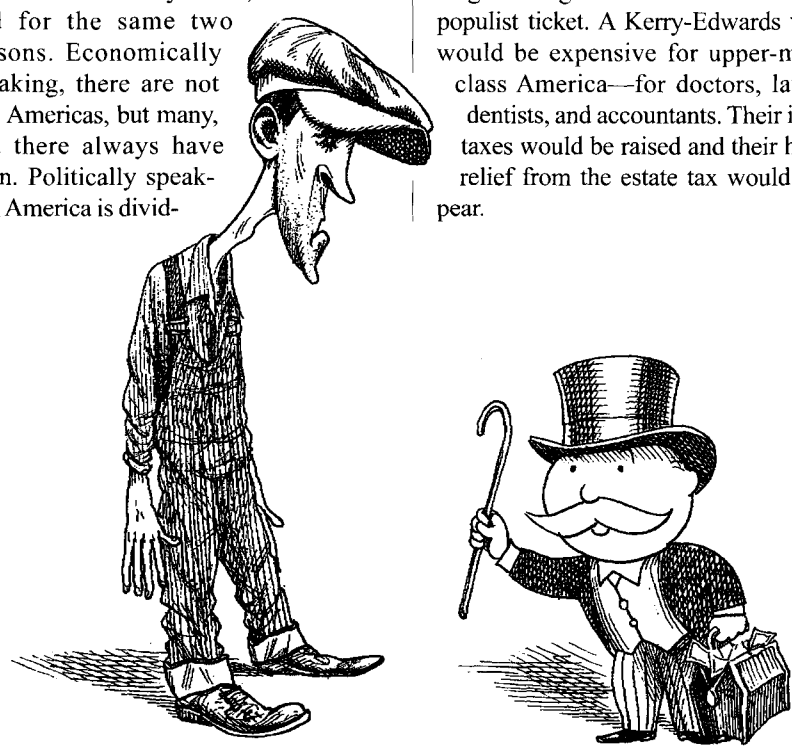
So Edwards rejiggered his old RFK message to lump together, as "one America," pretty much everybody who earns south of $200,000 dollars a year. This is the message that the media ballyhooed as "down to earth." Down to earth? Think how amazingly remote from earth you have to be before the difference between $14,000 a year and $50,000 a year begins to look infinitesimal. Which may be why this would-be man of the people so signally failed to impress the actual people when he ran for the Democratic nomination.

Liberal Democrats have dreamed since the 1960s of creating a coalition of the poor and middle-class against the rich. The coalition always fails, and for the same two reasons. Economically speaking, there are not two Americas, but many, and there always have been. Politically speaking, America is divided less by economic interests than by values.

Economically, *what* voters earn matters far less than *how* they earn it. A college professor earning $90,000 a year is far more likely to vote Democratic than a gas-station owner earning $45,000. And the same is true however high or low you go on the income spectrum: An entertainment-industry executive earning $1 million a year is much more likely to vote Democratic than his equally opulent oil-industry counterpart. And you are much more likely to find Democrats among those on disability pensions than on veteran's benefits.

In fact, there is some reason to think that the very richest Americans lean Democratic these days, not Republican. Kerry has raised almost as much as George W. Bush for his presidential campaign and in much bigger gifts: The biggest one-day fund-raising haul of 2004 was Kerry's, not Bush's: $7.5 million. And it's not just Hollywood or the wealthy trial bar that backs the Democratic ticket: Of the twelve richest zip codes in the country (as measured by house prices), Bush seems likely to carry only four.

Are these rich Democrats acting irrationally? More likely, they are responding to the truth behind the Kerry-Edwards sloganeering: This is not in fact a very populist ticket. A Kerry-Edwards victory would be expensive for upper-middle-class America—for doctors, lawyers, dentists, and accountants. Their income taxes would be raised and their hope of relief from the estate tax would disappear.



ROMAN GENN

America According to John Edwards

But truly wealthy America would do just fine. Kerry and Edwards have no plans to raise the capital-gains tax rate. Nor will the truly rich suffer much from the reinstatement of the estate tax: As the inherited and re-inherited fortune of the Heinz-Kerry family proves, that tax is paid by those rich enough to accumulate something, but not rich enough to afford creative lawyering.

Meanwhile and on the other hand, the Kerry-Edwards ticket has little to offer the genuinely poor. My NR colleague Mark Steyn has had some good and deserved fun with one tear-jerking John Edwards speech about a little girl "somewhere in America" freezing because her family cannot afford a winter coat. As Steyn points out, a girl's coat can be bought at JCPenney for $9.99.

Bargains like that are available, however, only because Congress has defied the protectionist instincts of John Edwards, who opposed NAFTA and other trade-opening agreements. Trade barriers are among the most daunting taxes today's poor must pay—and the Kerry-Edwards ticket supports those taxes and more.

If the ticket's pseudo-populism makes little sense economically, it makes even less sense politically. Americans vote their values as well as their interests, and on the core values historically associated with American populism—work, family, and nationalism—Kerry-Edwards has zero to say. Kerry has begun to use the word "values" often without specifying what those values might be—a trick pioneered by Michael Dukakis, with ungratifying results.

This is a ticket led by a senator who disdained welfare reform (and then flipped to vote for it) and balanced by another who voted against eliminating the marriage penalty. It's a ticket that regards laws to protect traditional marriage as "bigotry and ignorance," to borrow the language Kerry used to explain his vote against the Defense of Marriage Act in 1996. It's a ticket that vests its hopes for American security in the United Nations and sees the War on Terror as essentially a police action. This is a ticket led by a man who pedals an $8,000 bike. This is populism? No, this is Massachusetts liberalism at its most caricatured. Its working motto is not "two Americas," but "Vote for Kerry: He's better than you." **NR**

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■ CAMPAIGN 2004 III

Our Okie from Muskogee

Conservative Tom Coburn runs for the Senate

JOHN J. MILLER

Muskogee, Okla.

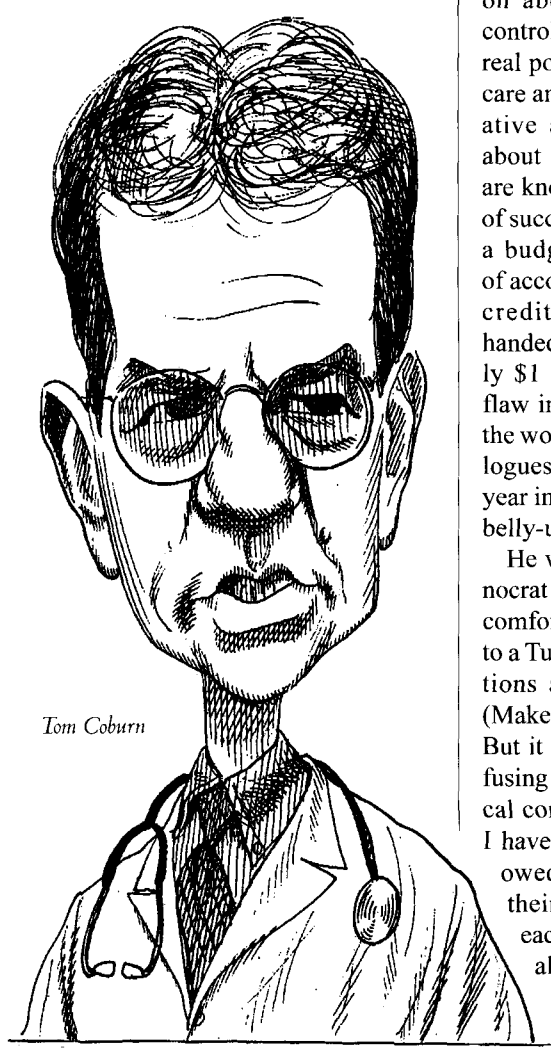
Soon after Republican senator Don Nickles of Oklahoma announced his retirement last fall, Stephen Moore of the Club for Growth placed a phone call to a doctor's office in Muskogee. He reached Tom Coburn, a 56-year-old family practitioner. "You should run for the Senate," said Moore. But Coburn wasn't interested. He had just survived a bout with colon cancer, and said he had not enjoyed Washington all that much the first time around, when he was a three-term congressman in the 1990s. He preferred delivering babies in the maternity ward to kissing them on the campaign trail.

Then his health improved. He went skiing in December. The phone continued ringing and letters jammed his mailbox. A "Draft Coburn" website appeared on the Internet. Even though the kingpins of the state GOP had anointed Kirk Humphreys as Nickles's successor, polls showed the former mayor of Oklahoma City struggling against the likely Democratic nominee, Rep. Brad Carson.

On the last day of February, Coburn decided it was time to end the speculation. He wrote a statement saying he wasn't going to run, set it aside for release the next day, and went to bed. Then he woke up in the middle of the night and changed his mind. On March 1, he was in.

Coburn's fitful sleep may be one of the few lucky breaks Republicans will get in this year's Senate contests. Their narrow majority leaves little room for error, especially following the party's failure to recruit top-tier candidates in several states where they might have stood a chance to win (Arkansas, Nevada, and North Dakota), the unexpected retirement of Ben Nighthorse Campbell in Colorado, and the sudden implosion of challenger Jack Ryan in Illinois. The last thing Republicans needed was an open-seat fight against a charismatic young congressman in a red state that counts several hundred thousand more Democrats than Republicans on its voter rolls. Yet that's exactly what they're facing in Oklahoma.

For conservatives, the race is about much more than keeping control of the Senate: It's about promoting one of the most energetic and talented members from the House class of 1994 to the other chamber of Congress, where right-minded legislation so often dies from neglect. In the aftermath of Pat Toomey's defeat by Arlen Specter in Pennsylvania's GOP primary, Coburn probably represents the conservative movement's most important candidacy in this year's Senate elections.



Tom Coburn

ROMAN GENN

Coburn looks like a doctor, with his glasses, salt-and-pepper hair, and a utility belt equipped with a pager and PDA. There's a big scar on the left side of his neck, a remnant of his first fight with cancer: a malignant form of melanoma, which he beat as a young man. It was this near-death experience, in fact, that convinced him to quit the business world and enroll in medical school, graduating at the relatively advanced age of 35.

The conventional portrait of Coburn depicts him as a favorite of the religious Right, which indeed he is. Ask about his deep faith, and he will testify at length. But Coburn does not burden big-tent Republicans with expressions of religiosity: His stump speeches are all about runaway entitlement spending. He sprinkles his remarks with asides on abortion, gay marriage, and gun control—he's against all three—but his real political passion is to reform Medicare and Social Security. Many conservative activists are more enthusiastic about reforming government than they are knowledgeable about the mechanics of success; not so with Coburn. And he's a budget hawk with a proven record of accomplishment. In 1999, *USA Today* credited him with "almost singlehandedly" forcing Congress to cut nearly $1 billion in spending. If there's a flaw in his style of campaigning, it's in the wonkishness of holding Socratic dialogues with himself over exactly what year in the future Social Security will go belly-up.

He would sound like a full-time technocrat if he were not also a doctor with a comforting bedside manner. At a speech to a Tulsa gun club in June, he took questions about preventing colon cancer. (Make sure you get enough folic acid!) But it wasn't long before he returned to fusing his medical stories with his political convictions. "Each and every child I have delivered over the past year has owed $24,000 at the time they took their first breath," he says, tallying each individual's share of the national debt. Shocked at the diagnosis, parents in the room tend to gasp—and Dr. Coburn, as he unfail-

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ingly calls himself in his commercials, convinces them he's the cure.

Perhaps he's not afraid to deal with the politically risky subject of entitlement reform because, as a doctor, he knows how to deliver bad news. Whatever the case, he promises not to be a run-of-the-mill senator. "If you like Washington the way it is today, then don't vote for me," he says. Two other fairly conservative men are chasing after the same nomination: Humphreys and state corporation commissioner Bob Anthony. "They're good guys," says Coburn. "But I don't think we need good guys. We need people with a little bit of grit, a little bit of meanness."

Talk like that worries the GOP's business-as-usual crowd, which tends to view Coburn as a maverick who would hold up a free-trade bill if he thought another cause were more important. And they're right. Meet Coburn the provocateur: "I favor the death penalty for abortionists and other people who take life." And Coburn the obstructionist: "Nothing else happens in the Senate until the judges are approved." That's fist-pumping rhetoric for many conservatives—and troubling harshness to a segment of the party that's less ideological but more capable of writing campaign checks. This explains why Coburn's late entry into the Senate race isn't the only reason Humphreys will outspend him by at least three-to-one before the July 27 primary.

If Coburn weren't running, conservatives would see Humphreys as a perfectly acceptable candidate. He's pro-life, against gay marriage, and broadly supportive of President Bush. As mayor of Oklahoma City, he presided over a period of rapid growth and job creation, though he did raise sales taxes—or, more accurately, supported ballot initiatives extending levies that were due to expire. Conservatives would regard him as a generally reliable vote in the Senate. The choice, however, is between a journeyman conservative and a veteran all-star of the Right. Their duel probably won't conclude on July 27, assuming Anthony's third-place finish grabs enough votes to force a runoff on August 24.

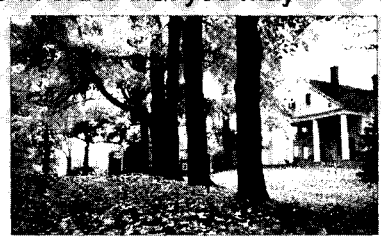
Coburn is quite clearly the Oklahoma GOP's best hope for the fall.

In primary matchups such as this, candidates like Coburn are often said to be less electable in November, because of their alleged extremism and the fickleness of swing voters. This prudential view is what ultimately stopped many conservatives from supporting Toomey in Pennsylvania. But these rules don't apply to Coburn, who is quite clearly the Oklahoma GOP's best hope for the fall. A poll taken at the end of June showed him leading Carson by two points, and Humphreys behind Carson by seven. The result is no surprise: Coburn is a proven vote-getter among Democrats. His old

From our Catalogue

crede ut intellegas

The affinity between the life of the mind and the life of faith is embedded in Augustine's dictum, "crede ut intellegas", "believe in order that you may understand." For Augustine, truth consists in the intelligence's conforming itself to the divine sense of existence. Intelligence consists not, then, in the more or less brilliant performance of the mind, but in knowing reality as it is. To that end, faith and reason conjoined form a strong defense against the temptations of sophistry, triviality, ideology, fragmentation, skepticism, fideism, and anti-intellectualism. Faith, as the acknowledgment of the divine order of things, and reason, as the seeing of reality as it truly is, are partners in the Catholic intellectual tradition.



The Thomas More College of Liberal Arts was founded in 1978 by Catholic educators and emphasizes a return to the sources. College President and co-founder Peter V. Sampo, Ph.D. is available to lecture on *The Renewal of Christian Culture through Catholic Higher Education.*

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House district cast its lot with Clinton twice. Yet the locals liked Coburn's spunk, especially his (fulfilled) pledge to serve no more than six years in the House, his determination to come home every weekend to meet with patients, and his willingness to buck the GOP's congressional bosses.

Carson's congressional district, redrawn since the last census, overlaps much of Coburn's former territory. "I'll take half his vote," promises Coburn. The rest of Oklahoma is much friendlier—it's low-hanging fruit for a Republican who emerges from the Democrat-heavy eastern part of the state. This was the rough model for Saxby Chambliss's Senate victory over Max Cleland in Georgia two years ago.

No matter whom the Republicans choose, the race will be close. Democrats have declared it one of their best pick-up opportunities. They see Carson, a 37-year-old baby-faced Rhodes Scholar, as a rising star in their party. Although Carson endorsed the war in Iraq, supports Arctic oil drilling, and has written a book review for *The Weekly Standard*, he's clearly a liberal who likes sticking his name on budget-busting bills: Only a few dozen of his fellow House members have cosponsored higher levels of new spending. He's been tacking to the right in recent months, reversing his previous opposition to making the Bush tax cuts permanent and saying that maybe the IRS should be abolished. He also withdrew from an expensive health-care bill, almost certainly so that his grade on the report card of the National Taxpayers Union will rise above his previous marks of one D and two Fs.

As a senator, he would be the kind of Democrat who votes with Ted Kennedy much of the time, before making a few election-year compromises to convince enough of his constituents that he's not really part of D.C.'s Democratic in-crowd. All the while, frustrated Republicans will pull out their hair wondering why they can't beat him.

Before that happens, of course, Carson has to beat Tom Coburn—but only if Oklahoma Republicans have the smarts to nominate him in the first place. Perhaps the GOP's best advice may be found on a little placard Coburn keeps on the desk in his cramped doctor's office: "Make no small plans here." **NR**

■ **ESSAY**

The Joy of Tokenism

Or if not joy, something . . .

JAY NORDLINGER

YEARS ago, Henry Kissinger invited Bill Buckley to speak to his students at Harvard, in order, said Bill, to exhibit to them one of the more "exotic specimens in the American political zoo."

We conservatives are more familiar now than we were then, but we still give off a whiff of exoticism—in certain quarters.

Recently, I was invited to attend a Renaissance Weekend. These are the famous conclaves associated with Bill and Hillary Clinton. Founded 25 years ago by another couple, Phil and Linda Lader, the weekends include people from many walks of life, talking about a variety of subjects on a slew of panels. In response to the Renaissance phenomenon, some conservatives set up a weekend of their own, the Dark Ages Weekend, ha, ha. (This type of humor is indispensable to our psyche—the conservative psyche.)

The Laders don't want Renaissance Weekend to be an exclusively left-leaning and Democratic affair, and they go out of their way to welcome and even protect their right-leaning guests. They are, in fact, the soul of kindness, hospitality, and ecumenism. This is our kind of Democrat, NATIONAL REVIEW readers. He is a policy expert, a business whiz, and a former ambassador to the U.K. (in the second term of Clinton); she is a dynamo whose résumé includes the National Prayer Breakfast.

One of their guests plunked herself next to me and said, "You're here because of affirmative action, you know." I said that I favored philosophical and political affirmative action—even tokenism. I favor it, for example, on university faculties, where it's often missing. In my day—I doubt much has changed—"diversity" meant a black Marxist, a white Marxist, a Hispanic Marxist, a lesbian Marxist . . .

If you're a conservative, involved in public questions, you're used to being a kind of token. You have a special role to play. The late Jerry Nachman produced Bill Maher's *Politically Incorrect*, and he would tell me, "Now, Jay, your job is to sit in the Hitler chair. Somebody's gotta do it."

Truth is, we should probably not pass up such opportunities, because you never know what good you might do, or whom you might reach. Never up, never in, as we say in golf.

Sometimes I worry that we—we professional righties—spend too much time around the likeminded (despite our sideline in tokenism). This is surely true of lefties as well. At Renaissance, I noticed that, when they talked to me, they sort of assumed that I would agree that Bush is a moron—even if I, for whatever weird reasons, supported his policies. They were incredulous when I said that I found the president smart as a whip, in addition to right (i.e., correct).

It was a trying few days for the conservatives—some of them closeted—in attendance. One woman spoke of a perpetual knot in her stomach, and her tongue bitten in half (although we were all encouraged to speak, by the magnificent Laders). I will give you a lowlight: One attendee said that she worried about the status of women in Iraq—for women had been respected under the prior regime (Saddam's), and this new, U.S.-imposed government might just turn back the clock. This remark was greeted by a burst of applause.

Speaking of audience reaction: Have you ever noticed that the Left hisses? Yes, they hiss. This was certainly true in my hometown of Ann Arbor, Mich., where, when they objected to something in a movie, they hissed. I have always thought it a most unattractive practice, carrying with it some menace, a hint of violence. At Renaissance, when someone mentioned that the U.S., in fact, went into Iraq with allies, not without, there was hissing.

More benignly, I observed a lot of shaking of heads—when I spoke, I mean! This reminded me, if I needed reminding: When a speaker is saying something with which you disagree, don't shake

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your head (unless absolutely necessary).

And here's a peril you may not have thought of: If you're a journalist—especially an opinion journalist—you're liable to run into someone about whom you have written negatively. This puts another kind of knot in the stomach. I knew a journalist in Washington who said that, after several years' work there, he simply couldn't go out anymore. I know the feeling. As a music critic, I am scared to death to meet a musician—and have often had to get myself out of a situation where it was likely. As a political critic, it is hardly any better.

I lack entirely the brass of Hilton Kramer, the eminent art critic and co-founder of *The New Criterion*. At a dinner once, he and Woody Allen were seated next to each other. The actor said, "So, Mr. Kramer, do you find it embarrassing when you encounter people whose work you have slammed?" "No," replied Hilton: "I think they should be embarrassed for having made such lousy art." Later on, Hilton realized that he had once criticized a movie that Allen was in (*The Front*).

I had no such encounter—this time.

What one did have, in abundance, was Bush-hatred. You may have heard about it. It's real. This is a hatred that can be febrile, unhinged. For example, you hear a lot of talk about fascism—yes, fascism. One man, exasperated, got up and said, "Come on, guys, fascism is not coming tomorrow." Someone piped up, "It's already here." In his introduction to the book he has just edited, *Understanding Anti-Americanism*, the sociologist Paul Hollander cites many recent charges of fascism, from people generally regarded as serious.

And, of course, there is a great deal of concern about what the Europeans think. What good is a president, or an administration, of whom the French—those arbiters—disapprove?

It so happened that, during this weekend, I was reading a biography of Lincoln, and noted that many of the denunciations of the 16th president sounded familiar. After a Lincoln speech, the editor of the (Democratic) *Chicago Times* wrote, "The cheek of every American must tingle with shame as he reads the silly, flat and dishwatery utterances of the man who has to be pointed out to intelligent foreigners as the President of the United States."

The speech to which the editor was referring was the Gettysburg Address.

I hope that some of today's hysterics will be embarrassed, later, by what they said about George W. Bush, as many of Lincoln's critics must have been embarrassed. (They called him "gorilla," "ape," "baboon"—primatological putdowns seemed to rule the day.) But who knows?

Reaching out across partisan lines is wonderful—and necessary—but there are some people you simply cannot reach. What do you say to a lady who says that, through Tom DeLay et al., "theocracy" has come, and that one must rise in the middle of the night to listen to the BBC, in order to have the truth, because the American media are covering up for Bush? If you're me, you can say nothing, except to mutter something about habitation on different planets.

Animals in the political zoo ought to emit their roars, and they ought to be heard of all other animals.

Sometimes, even muttering is hard. Put yourself in my shoes, dear reader. You're at an Upper East Side dinner party. The conversation turns political (uh-oh) and to 9/11. Someone mentions that the Pennsylvania plane was possibly destined for the White House. Your hostess says, "It's a shame President Bush wasn't killed that day."

Do you a) leave, b) make a joke, c) rebuke, d) try to employ sweet argument—what?

Please realize that there was nothing hypothetical about this situation. (I did a mixture of the above—ineptly.)

At Renaissance Weekend, there were some strident left-wingers, sure, but there were also many earnest and good liberals. One of my favorites commented on the regret of a woman who said that young teenagers were using cellphones to "hook up" for sex. "I don't just think that teenagers shouldn't use cellphones for sex," said this man; "I don't think teenagers should be allowed to have cellphones!"

And a good many liberals were awfully warm to this conservative. Most of the compliments were sincere, I'd say. Others were of the "For a fat girl, you don't sweat much" variety. I noted something else in that Lincoln biography. He said, "I have endured a great deal of ridicule without much malice, and have received a great deal of kindness not quite free from ridicule. I am used to it." I'm no Lincoln, believe me, but I know what he is saying.

In any event, animals in the political zoo ought to emit their roars, and they ought to be heard of all other animals. Conservatives ought to lift up their voices and sing, even—or especially—in habitats that seem uncongenial.

And it's important that we listen to the liberals too, right? Well . . . we can always turn on NPR, or PBS, or open the *New York Times*, or watch Peter Jennings. But then, the other side can tune in to Rush, can't they? (Though he, we always add, is not a government entity.)

We hear that there are Two Americas—and not just economically—and that we operate in different spheres. Liberals have their media, and we, increasingly, have ours; liberals have their conclaves, and we have ours. Phil and Linda Lader seek to mix it up a little. Life cannot be a NATIONAL REVIEW cruise (alas).

Or a *Nation* cruise! **NR**

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■ **COVER STORY**

A Personal Retrospective

NR and its founder

RICHARD LOWRY

What follows is a loose assortment of published and broadcast commentary on the retirement of WFB, who, on June 29, turned his voting stock in National Review, Inc., over to a not-for-profit corporation. Ed Capano is publisher and CEO, Thomas Rhodes is board chairman, and I am editor. I begin this self-imposed (but nevertheless welcome) assignment by reproducing the note from WFB which accompanied the bulky material on the theme of his retirement and of NATIONAL REVIEW*'s history, from which I have put this feature together. It reads, "Rich: If you think this is bad, imagine what you'll have to go through when I die! Best, Bill."*

I BEGIN by excerpting a few words from my own improvised tribute on June 29 at Paone's restaurant. Other speakers at the dinner included Priscilla Buckley (who brought down the house with her reminiscences), Ed Capano, Dusty Rhodes, and Dan Oliver.

"I myself," I said, "discovered NR through *Firing Line*. I spent a good part of my high school years watching it obsessively and rewinding at certain points to make sure I'd followed the argument. But when I picked up a copy of NR, it was a revelation, as it has been for so many people.

"I knew as soon as I read it that I wanted to work for this magazine, and it has been a great blessing, made possible by Bill Buckley and John O'Sullivan, to be associated with NR.

"As we all know, it is impossible to exaggerate Bill Buckley's influence in forging a movement that changed the nation. For those of us who had a chance to work closely with him, just as important have been the smaller things, the advice, the good humor, the innumerable acts of kindness that all added up to a model of graciousness and thoughtfulness.

"I, in particular, have benefited from Bill's patience, especially during the inevitable snafus. As when I had to inform him that I had scheduled an article titled 'Bomb Canada' in the same issue Scott Budd, after months of effort, had gotten us an ad from the U.S.-Canada Friendship Council.

"Of course, there is always a sense that Bill is operating on a higher plane. I hate to confess, but sometimes I haven't known exactly what he was saying, although I always did my best to hide it. He might say that an article was characterized by an 'unnecessary anfractuosity.' I would nod sagely and say, 'You know, I couldn't agree with you more.' (Laughter)

"I have worked closely for Bill for going on seven years. I have never lost my sense of awe and I never will. We live in a time of sometimes confusing intra-conservative fights. People ask, 'Are you a neoconservative, a paleoconservative?' The appropriate answer for everyone in this room is, 'I'm a Bill Buckley conservative.'" (Applause)

* * *

The lead editorial in the New York Observer *was a special surprise. It is an influential left-leaning weekly with a highbrow constituency. The editorial gave considerable biographical background on WFB. We reproduce it here in full.*

(New York Observer)—Fifty years ago, William F. Buckley brought the conservative movement in America back to life by founding the National Review; last month, Mr. Buckley turned his controlling shares in the magazine over to a group of trustees, having proven that one man and a magazine can make the world wiser and better. Though the National Review has never earned a profit, it earned the admiration of its allies and the grudging respect of its opponents. Indeed, it could be argued that Bill Buckley has done more to foster serious intellectual debate in this nation than any other person in the past half-century. When compared with the neocons who have dulled the wits of an already witless White House [the *Observer* is talking about our close friends and allies!] Mr. Buckley's brand of conservatism has always been suffused with intellectual rigor, common sense, precision and a healthy dose of humor.

To run a magazine for 50 years is no mean feat; it was made possible by Mr. Buckley's passionate belief in the power of ideas, and his ability to inspire and educate an entire generation of journalists and politicians. In the beginning, he provided controversial scholars with an outlet for ideas when no other publications were open to their work. Though he was only 29 when he started the magazine, he had already served in World War II, worked briefly for the C.I.A., been an editor at The American Mercury and published *God and Man at Yale*, his irreverent critique of how students at his alma mater and other universities were falling under the sway of

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overly secularized, left-leaning professors and administrators. The book kicked up a fair bit of controversy and established Mr. Buckley as a writer to whom attention must be paid. In 1965, he ran for mayor of New York as the candidate of the newly formed Conservative Party. Asked what he would do if he were elected, Mr. Buckley replied: "Demand a recount!" The campaign, like the National Review itself, was ahead of its time: The Conservative Party disdained the Republican Party nominee, the charismatic and charming John Lindsay, and by doing so, showed that it was determined to change local and national politics by the force of argument and ideas. While Mr. Buckley's own campaign was a curiosity, in 1965, within five years his brother James Buckley won election to the U.S. Senate on the Conservative Party line alone.

The following year, Mr. Buckley started the syndicated talk show *Firing Line*, which he hosted for 34 years until it ended in 1999, and on which he alternately indulged and teased guests such as Richard Nixon, Norman Mailer, Henry Kissinger, Groucho Marx, Hugh Hefner, Jack Kerouac and Mary McCarthy. Meanwhile, his syndicated column expanded to reach over 300 newspapers, and his political beliefs helped lay the groundwork for the Presidency of Ronald Reagan.

Bill Buckley has, against all odds, created a new breed of politician and political discourse in this country, embodying not only what Barry Goldwater once called "the conscience of a conservative," but also the heart and truly transcendent decency of one.

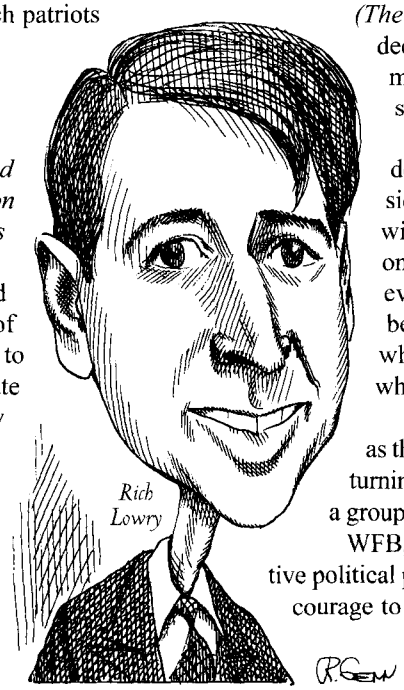
* * *

A tribute from a special friend was recalled. President Reagan had flown up from the White House to speak at NR's 30th anniversary dinner. Dan Oliver cited a passage from his speech. "Bill Buckley is perhaps the most influential journalist and intellectual in our era—he changed our country, indeed our century. He was our clipboard-bearing Galahad: ready to take on any challengers in the critical battle of point and counterpoint. And, with grace and humor and passion, to raise a standard to which patriots and lovers of freedom could repair."

* * *

Having heard from the chief executive, we looked in on Congress and heard from Rep. Joe Wilson (R., S.C.), who made the following warm remarks from the House floor:

—"Since I attended high school, I have read National Review. Through his stewardship of conservatism's flagship magazine, he was able to direct our visions and coherently communicate our positive philosophy. Indeed, Mr. Buckley defined the conservative movement as one that promotes a strong national defense to defeat Communism and terrorism, and for limited government, lower taxation, personal responsibility, and individual freedom. These principles are still the basis of conservatism today, and National Review after nearly fifty years is still our guidebook. Last week Mr. Buckley turned over his ownership of National Review, and ended a special era in American history. I ask all of my colleagues to join me in thanking William F. Buckley Jr. for National Review."



* * *

One commentator made good fun of WFB's apparently surrealistic strengths and accomplishments. Here was Cal Thomas on Fox News.

—"Bill Buckley held the ground until reinforcements arrived. I remember introducing him once. I said, 'You know, Bill, I didn't mind that you had the magazine. You wrote the novels. You even led people in around-the-world tours on the old Concorde. But when you built a harpsichord from scratch and played it at Carnegie Hall, don't you think that was pouring it on a little too much?'"

* * *

A few papers with tough, longstanding liberal leanings were—that day!—generous. The Louisville Courier-Journal *even speculated that they might miss Buckley. The* San Diego Union-Tribune *(not left-leaning) liked especially one thing NR had done. And the* Dayton Daily News *played with the amusing thesis that neither WFB nor antagonist John Kenneth Galbraith had been, after all, totally convincing.*

(The Courier-Journal)—One might not expect an editorial page such as this, with its center-left, New Deal sensibilities, to apotheosize the godfather of American conservatism, or his magazine. However, thanks to Mr. Buckley's interstitial presence in it, National Review has provided an effective challenge to philosophical opponents.

His magazine has been edgy, witty, stylish, brainy and very savvy. But will it ever be as deliciously infuriating for us, when his influence is less immediate, and perhaps less apparent, in its pages?

(The San Diego Union-Tribune)—For several decades, the irrepressible Buckley spread the free-market gospel with a savoir faire that made him somewhat of a media darling.

His flashing wit and stylistic affectations delighted viewers of contrasting political persuasions. Ditto for his weekly televised encounters with public figures with opposing points of view on the syndicated talk show "Firing Line." However one may have disagreed with Buckley's bedrock beliefs, it was difficult to dislike this man whose charm and grace recall a halcyon time when civility mattered.

We are reminded anew of this cultural decline as the 79-year-old [78-year-old!] Buckley bows out, turning the controlling shares of his magazine over to a group of trustees, including his son, Christopher.

WFB, as he's widely known, has remained a perceptive political pundit throughout his storied career. He had the courage to keelhaul the loopy John Birch Society and its brethren as cranks who lent credence to the nasty stereotype that conservatives were sev-

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eral bricks shy of a load. Buckley's political passion was rivaled by his abiding love of peanut butter, which he concluded that, were the gooey substance as expensive as caviar, it would be served at Buckingham Palace teas.

(And Martin Gottlieb in the Dayton Daily News*)*—Buckley didn't invent conservatism, and certainly not modern conservatism. But a movement that had theretofore been publicly represented by boring or demagogic politicians, stuffy professors, scary evangelists (sometimes anti-Semitic) and assorted racists suddenly had this stylish, amiable young intellectual front and center. His very existence—the very fact that somebody like him could be a conservative—was a revelation to millions.

As for his magazine, it was often funny, which, again, was a profound change. It became the political bible for many, including Ronald Reagan. I thought the problem was not Buckley, but me; there was something I just wasn't getting. So I kept reading. As I kept reading the conservatives, Buckley, more than anyone, made it fun, if everlastingly confusing.

WFB and Reagan

One way to phrase my problem: Here we had William F. Buckley Jr. and John Kenneth Galbraith (the prominent liberal economist and writer and frequent debater of Buckley). Both were brilliant, breathtakingly erudite, colossally well-read, and unmistakably decent in their motivations. Yet they disagreed on all the great issues of the day. One promoted one collection of policies to make the nation and the world peaceful, free and prosperous. The other promoted a dramatically different collection, with the same goals.

Either that, or Buckley and Galbraith were both half right. That is to say that in their life's work—the accumulation and dissemination of political and economic insight—they were both mediocre.

* * *

Ben Johnson of Frontpage Magazine *invoked a parody of the hypothetical conservative of yesteryear.*

—Aloise Buckley Heath once reminisced, when her brother set out to establish National Review in the mid-1950s, that our "most deeply buried fear was that Gerald L.K. Smith was the only other conservative in America." Fifty years later, William F. Buckley Jr.'s weekly journal of opinion (now bi-weekly) reaches more than a quarter-million readers, including the President of the United States, and is recognized as the intellectual fountainhead of modern conservatism. Last Tuesday, Buckley relinquished ownership of National Review. His beloved magazine will now be guided by hands other than his own.

The move does not come out of the blue. Buckley retired as NR's Editor-in-Chief in 1990, and strictly curtailed his public speaking schedule at the turn of the millenium. The transfer of leadership marks a heartsick moment for conservatives, whose melancholy is heightened by the accompanying press release's terse acknowledgement that, "Mr. Buckley, 78, cited concerns about his own mortality as the primary reason for his divestiture." More than anyone else, William F. Buckley Jr. has come to embody conservatism itself. He made the term "conservative" respectable, realigned the Republican Party to the Right and set in motion a movement that saw two of its members elected President of the United States.

* * *

The Big Timers remarked the day, the Wall Street Journal *writing,*

—Before Bill Buckley and NR, American conservatism was a loose assortment of isolationists, protectionists, traditionalists, anti-Semites, Southern Agrarians and just plain cranks. What National Review did was drain the fever swamps and infuse U.S. conservatism with a coherence it had never had.

Today National Review is just one year shy of 50, and its success has spawned a host of conservative alternatives that now compete across print, radio, television and the Internet. Yet it remains the largest opinion magazine in America. And far from auguring its demise, the abundance of new rivals only confirms one of National Review's longtime principles: that competition is among the sincerest forms of conservatism.

(And from Time *magazine)*—STEPPING DOWN. WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR., 78, after a round (and orotund) half-century as guiding intellect and controlling shareholder of the immensely influential conservative magazine, National Review. Buckley used the publication as one of several mechanisms for the life support and eventual triumphant revival of an ailing political position, characterized in the first issue as standing "athwart history, yelling 'Stop!'"

* * *

Two former colleagues, writing now as syndicated columnists, paid personal tributes. Maggie Gallagher and David Klinghoffer told about their own experiences at NR. *Klinghoffer spoke of* NR*'s respect for religion.*

(Maggie Gallagher, Townhall.com)—The influence of his magazine, his name, his style, his ideas on American thought and politics cannot be overestimated. Historians of ideas will debate his influence for decades to come. His PBS television show, "Firing Line," fed a generation of conservatives starved for any media reflection of their views decades before the age of Rush, Focus on the Family, and Fox News.

His magazine became an idea factory that launched a thousand new faces, or rather voices. For Bill Buckley understood the importance of ideas, and embodied intellectual courage, at a time when expressing conservative thoughts made you at best a radical "extremist."

And he always understood that ideas weren't abstractions—

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they were what men lived by and died for, if necessary. Few celebrities can boast such a record of kindness, concern and courtesy in private as well as public life.

(David Klinghoffer, columnist for the Forward*, author of* The Discovery of God: Abraham and the Birth of Monotheism*)*—Fresh out of Brown University in 1987, I started working at National Review. I had never met so many intense—if idiosyncratic—Christians, mostly Catholics like Buckley, as he had assembled there under a dilapidated roof on New York's East 35th Street. Buckley's overt Christian commitment, mixing urbanity with great passion, brought many young conservatives, including many who had started out as liberals, to rethink the bland, content-free, secularist pieties we had been brought up on. Having grown up in a secular Jewish home, I knew few people of any serious spiritual orientation whatsoever. Sometimes, envy can be a positive force in a person's spiritual development. I wanted what Buckley, and others, had.

Example is a more powerful instructional tool than lecturing. This may be the most compact way of expressing what Bill Buckley has contributed to the conservative movement in American political life, as its intellectual, and spiritual, leader. His retirement this past week as owner of NR, where I worked for nine years, most recently as a senior editor, offers an occasion to recall what makes him such an important religious figure.

He provided a personal model of what it means specifically to be a religious conservative; he swept the vestigial anti-Semites from the right-wing scene; and he made us see how little religious, or political, orthodoxy means in the absence of a softer virtue: kindness.

Perhaps this is because liberalism emphasizes the moral obligations of the society rather than of the individual. Buckley, when he still owned NR, was like the beloved liege lord of a medieval castle town—existing in a little bit of a different plane from everyone else, but intensely protective of us all, to the point that in all the time I worked at NR, no one was ever fired.

* * *

Buckley had sometimes to take action not only athwart history but athwart his own personal inclinations.

*(*The Wanderer*, Joseph Sobran)*—Over a decade ago, a column I wrote in these pages got me fired by National Review as I figured it would, after twenty-one years of working with Bill Buckley. Those years were mostly very happy for me, thanks to Bill's truly sweet nature. But tensions had arisen between us, first when I criticized the holy state of Israel, and again when I opposed the first Iraq war. When Bill threatened to fire me over the latter, I felt that it was he, not I, who had abandoned the conservative cause. Since my job was hanging by a thread, I decided to cut it myself.

(Dallas Morning News)—Mr. Buckley's first great achievement was to purge the American right of its kooks. He marginalized the anti-Semites, the John Birchers, the nativists and their sort. He provided a rare forum for serious conservative intellectuals to publish and in time made himself one of the most influential American journalists of the 20th century. Buckley biographer John Judis, a liberal, credited National Review with creating "almost out of nothing, the conservative movement."

Even if you lament the course our national politics has taken, you cannot deny Mr. Buckley's paramount role in getting us there. We wish him well in his retirement and sincerely regret that one of his most praiseworthy qualities—the grace and civility with which he treated his ideological opponents and the craft of opinion journalism—seems likely to pass from the scene with him. Bill Buckley is perhaps the last gentleman in American political life.

* * *

The Boston Globe *has an important conservative voice. We heard from the eloquent Jeff Jacoby, who attempted something both comprehensive and autobiograpical.*

—[Buckley] had already published a controversial bestseller, "God and Man at Yale," served in the US Army, worked for the CIA, and graduated from Yale, where he'd had a dazzling run as chairman of the Yale Daily News. He would go on to write—take a deep breath—35 nonfiction books, 15 books of fiction, 79 book reviews, 56 introductions or forewords to books written by

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- (N) **Carl Rogers:** *Toward a Science of the Person* (65 min.)
- (O) **Ashley Montagu:** *The Nature of Human Nature* (48 min.)
- (P) **Noam Chomsky:** *Government in the Future* (57 min.)
- (Q) **Albert Schweitzer:** *On Goethe (trans. by Thornton Wilder)* (80 min.)
- (R) **Jacques Barzun:** *Present-Day Thoughts on the Quality of Life* (31 min.)
- (S) **Margaret Mead:** *How People Change* (25 min.)
- (T) **A. Szent-Gyorgyi:** *Misplaced Ideas about Democracy* (25 min.)
- (U) **Jacob Bronowski:** *The Ascent of Man* (55 min.)
- (V) **Otto Bettman:** *The Good Old Days: They Were Terrible* (55 min.)
- (W) **Groucho Marx:** *Fast Mind, Faster Mouth* (60 min.)
- (X) **Ludwig von Mises:** *Why Socialism Always Fails* (86 min.)
- (Y) **Barry Goldwater:** *The Conscience of a Conservative* (58 min.)
- (Z) **Arnold Toynbee:** *The Ancient Mediterranean View of Man* (24 min.)

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others, 227 obituary essays, 800-plus editorials or other articles in National Review, 350 articles in periodicals other than National Review, and more than 4,000 newspaper columns.

I was a 17-year-old college sophomore when I discovered National Review. A quarter-century later, I no longer recall where I came across my first issue or what was on its cover. What I do recall, vividly, is the thrill of encountering words and arguments that gave shape and coherence to my own inchoate political beliefs. The importance of individual freedom, the dangers of a too-powerful government, the blessings of a free market, the imperative of fighting communism, the indispensability of faith—these were themes I encountered again and again in the pages of NR.

But it wasn't only the magazine's political content that made it so invaluable. No less wonderful was its style. National Review was feisty, smart, playful, elegant—just like its editor, whose contributions were the highlight of nearly every issue.

* * *

Rush Limbaugh has been an ally—and friend—for many years, even serving as master of ceremonies at NR*'s 45th birthday. He also knows how to poke fun.*

—"I was reading Buckley when I was 15, 16 years old, and I said, 'Boy, I wish I could be that. I wish I could be this. How does he know all these words?' I'd sit there with the dictionary looking up words that he used, and points that he made, and in fact it was Buckley, long before Reagan, who oriented me toward the whole concept of lowering marginal tax rates to generate additional income. Buckley was on this moons and moons and moons ago, along with his associates back then. I read Buckley's columns and I thought Buckley was so exclusive and, I thought, so untouchable.

"If you know what an idol is, multiply it times two or three. I thought him unreachable, untouchable.

"When I met him he was exactly what I wanted him to be, and more so, and he's remained a close friend and, I might even say a colleague. Without Bill Buckley bucking the odds, alone, back in the '50s, who knows where all this conservatism would be today?"

* * *

Adam Daifallah of Canada's National Post *paid handsome tribute to my predecessor, and I'm certainly not going to argue with him.*

—The smooth-talking New Englander built the polemical fortnightly into the most important and consequential journal of conservative opinion in the United States. No other non-elected person has done more to popularize right-wing ideas.

Barry Goldwater's 1964 presidential candidacy, acknowledged to be a springboard for the modern conservative movement, would not have been possible without Buckley's behind-the-scenes organization and his championing of the Arizona Republican's candidacy in the pages of his magazine. Neither would the ascension of Ronald Reagan. Nor the mainstreaming of ideas like increased military spending, smaller government, tax cuts and total victory over the Soviet Union. It is hard to imagine that a small-circulation magazine could have such a profound impact on the *Zeitgeist*. But it did.

* * *

London's Financial Times *recalled a few of Bill's good lines.*

—Like any good conservative, he expressed strong beliefs on taxation: "I would like to electrocute everyone who uses the word 'fair' in connection with income tax policies." And he was never one to mince words: "I would like to take you seriously, but to do so would affront your intelligence."

Cutting down famous liberals was, of course, his bread and butter. "Norman Mailer decocts matters of the first philosophical magnitude from an examination of his own ordure, and I am not talking about his books."

* * *

Eric Fettmann, of the New York Post, *described the skepticism after* NATIONAL REVIEW *was launched, 49 years ago, and emphasized the point that there are now other players on the conservative scene.*

—When Buckley, then just 29, began National Review in 1955, the mainstream media saw conservatives as some exotic political dinosaurs, barely relevant to the political issues at hand and obsessed with rabid anti-communism.

"Conservatism in America is rather a force than a political movement," he wrote, shortly after Barry Goldwater's landslide defeat in the 1964 election had many liberals delightedly predicting conservatism's demise.

That it didn't perish with Goldwater's loss—indeed, that the conservative movement continued to gather steam—is largely due to the force of Buckley's arguments. "Truth," he wrote back then, "is a demure lady, much too ladylike to knock you on the head and drag you to her cave. She is there, but the people must want her and seek her out."

For National Review has mainly been a journal of ideas; it appeals to the literate and intelligent, devoid of the overwrought emotion that too often dominates today's political debate. But the ideas and the writers that Buckley nourished inspired a new generation of young conservatives and helped generate a movement that, in 1980, sent another conservative icon, Ronald Reagan, to the White House for two terms.

Buckley has long been described as the intellectual father of modern conservatism, and though it's become a cliche, it's certainly true. On the basis of ideas and persuasion, he helped direct that movement into the mainstream and, eventually, to political ascendancy.

He also helped to broaden conservatism's often-narrow focus; the best testament to that is the fact that National Review today is just one of many influential conservative journals.

Not a bad legacy . . .

* * *

And the Washington Post *exactly recorded my own commitment to* NR.

—Will the magazine, which has grown to 155,000 in circulation, change? "No," says editor Rich Lowry, laughing. "That's my job, to make sure it doesn't change direction." **NR**

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■ NR SPECIAL

From *Miles Gone By*— *A Literary Autobiography*

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Life at Great Elm

In 1923, after years spent abroad in Mexico and in Europe, my father bought a house, called Great Elm, in Sharon, Connecticut, and moved his family there. I was born in 1925, the sixth child.

OUTDOORS it was very very still, and from our bedroom we could hear the crickets and see the fireflies. I opined to my sister Trish, age 12, that when the wind dies and silence ensues, fireflies acquire a voice, and it is then that they chirp out their joys for the benefit of the nightly company, visible and invisible.

"Why do they care if it's quiet outside?"

I informed her solemnly that it was well known to adults that fireflies do not like the wind, as it interferes with their movements. Inasmuch as I was 13 and omniscient, my explanation was accepted.

"I just hope they bite all of *them*," she said. Her reference was to our five older siblings, whose shouts and yells we could hear through the chorus of crickets. They were still out there at the swimming pool playing games, one whole hour past bedtime for the four of us under 14. I consoled her. I reminded her that I had invited *her*, not one of *them*, to crew with me the next day. We would compete on my sailboat at 2 in the afternoon at Lake Wononscopomuc (also known as Lakeville Lake), a mile-square spring-fed crystal-clear lagoon lying five miles north of our home. We raced every Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday, seven hot-blooded contestants of whom I was by far the youngest, and my proclamation of whom I had tapped to crew with me the next racing day was eagerly awaited by qualified supplicants. It gave me great pain that only two of my seniors particularly cared whether they were invited or not. I handled that snub by telling Trish that they were, in fact, not truly qualified to serve.

Great Elm in the 1930s

WFB's *Miles Gone By* is now in stores. We here provide three excerpts.

Summers were seasons of unmitigated pleasure for us, in the late Thirties, in Sharon, a small village that would be designated by the Garden Club of America as the most beautiful town in Connecticut, after Litchfield. My Texan father had brought his brood to rest while he continued a peripatetic life in the years since he left Mexico.

One obsession governed almost all of us: horses and horse shows. There was one of these almost every week, somewhere within forty miles of us. Our groom was fiercely competitive. Whenever we failed to place in a contest, he surmised that skulduggery was on the throne. Obviously if one of us captured the blue ribbon, it meant that the judges were both honest and acute. If we captured the red ribbon, it meant that they were either honest or acute.

We would leave for the horse shows in two or three cars, the horses having traveled the night before in their trailers. We were properly dressed in riding habits—boots, jodhpurs, tweed jackets. If it was a day on which we would be competing in a jumping tournament, or running fences on the outside course, there were butterflies in my stomach, pacified by hot black coffee. But most of the equestrian events were mere "horsemanship" contests, in which you displayed your degree of mastery over your steed, first at walking or single-footing, then trotting, then cantering. There was the occasional "family" class, in which parents could enter as many of their children as they liked. Here, with six contestants in the field, we regularly overwhelmed the opposition, if not by horsemanship, then by sheer juggernautery.

Some of the horse shows were also social occasions, calling for elaborate picnics and other forms of fraternization. Every year in Rhinebeck, New York, a few miles north of Hyde Park, the box alongside my father's was occupied by the President of the United States, who played the country squire at least once every season at the Dutchess County Horse Show. I remember the afternoon when Trish won the blue ribbon. Protocol requires the winner to ride around the ring to receive the plaudits of the spectators. When she rode by the president's box, FDR applauded lustily, whereupon Trish abruptly turned her pigtailed head to one side. A moment later, blue ribbon and riding crop in one hand, she came buoyantly to the family box.

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"Why didn't you nod to the President?" my father whispered to her.

"I thought you didn't like him!" Trish's face was pained with surprise.

* * *

In those days, in rural New England, only the principal arteries connecting the villages were macadamized. The side roads were dirt, so that Sharon was a network of leafy pleasure and opportunity for the horseman. No day went by at our place without two or three hours' wandering about through the woods and pastures, sometimes at full gallop. (Though never when within sight of the stables. Ed Turpin drove the point home to us: If you let a horse do that once, he will want to do it from that point on. Horses, like hunting dogs, are eager to set out, and eager to go home.) Horse sweat, for some reason, has always seemed healthier than human sweat, wholesome even. In midsummer the horses' lather was white and soapy, but the emanations suggested only the earthy satisfactions of an inspiriting physical workout. The young riders, by contrast, would rush to efface the traces of their exertions, plunging into the pool. At lunch, those who had chosen to play golf or tennis in the morning would join the riders and we would plan the afternoon—though Mademoiselle (Mademoiselle Jeanne Bouchex, our governess) was there to see to it that no outing stood in the way of the 45 minutes required of every one of us at piano practice. There were five pianos in the house and one organ. It was never absolutely clear whether the sound was worse when all the pianos were being exercised jointly or when only one of them was being played.

It was about that time that I came upon nature's dirty little secret. It was that beginning on the 21st day of June, *the days grew shorter*! All through the spring we had had the sensual pleasure of the elongating day, coinciding with the approach of the end of the school year and the beginning of the summer paradise. My knowledge of nature and nature's lore has never been very formal, and so, whereas my older brother Jim knew all about the vernal equinox and hummingbirds and for that matter snakes and fishes and what-makes-it-rain, I came to the conclusion from the evidence of my senses that in late July it was actually getting dark when it was only 8:30! I wondered momentarily whether we were witnessing some sign of divine displeasure. The only relief I had, during the humiliating meteorological briefing from my brother, who told me about the Earth's orbiting habits, was that Trish wasn't in the room to hear him. She'd have been dismayed by such a demonstration of my ignorance, given that I knew everything about fireflies.

I did care very much to penetrate the secrets of the wind, because my boat did moderately well in a good breeze and extraordinarily well in a brisk breeze; so that immediately upon waking on racing days I would run to the window and look out on the hundred elm and oak and maple trees visible from the bedroom, studying the movement of the leaves. Usually at that hour they were listless. I had to train myself to remember that in the foothills of the Berkshires the winds tend to sleep late, beginning to exercise themselves only in midmorning. But whatever the wind did, the racers would be at the starting line at exactly 2:00 P.M. Eagerly, my crew and I would gulp down our lunch so that we could get to the lake a full hour before the starting gun, to do a few flashy turns when the wind was brisk; or to practice self-effacement when the wind was light—the objective was to reduce windage by lying flat on the deck or crowding inside the little cockpit. It meant exhilaration or despair, how many seconds after the starting gun went off I was safely across the line. The seven contestants fought fiercely for the trophy, which the winner got to keep for the whole winter season, returning it in the spring to the Commodore for safekeeping until it was awarded to the next summer's champion.

The trophy was a gift from the local drugstore to the Wononscopomuc Yacht Club, whose entire other assets comprised one box of stationery on which was written "Wononscopomuc Yacht Club." It was used by the Commodore, a retired naval officer with a master sergeant's temperament. Once a year, he would write to announce the season's schedule. The Yacht Club's annual party, at which the cup was awarded to the boat that had accumulated the largest number of points, was held at the house of one of the contenders. The grown-ups brought their own beer or paid the host fifteen cents for a bottle of his. I don't remember if I had to pay for my Coca-Cola. It is hard to think of anything I have ever coveted so much as to see the name of my boat engraved on the Wononscopomuc Yacht Club Trophy (achieved in 1940). But there are few desires so intense as the child's. Or disappointments so bitter, as when—it happened every *single* night of every *single* month between May and October—Mademoiselle clapped her hands at the swimming pool right in the *middle* of a game of Red Rover, to announce that it was bedtime for "*les petits*."

My English setter, Ducky (it infuriated me that my oldest sister teasingly referred to him as "Unducky"), slept on his turf, between my bed and Trish's. He could come and go at will because one part of the screen hung loose, allowing him to leap through the open window onto the porch, or back into the bedroom. But Ducky was not as content as Trish and I were, because he was waiting for the fall to come, which meant pheasant-shooting, every morning before school. Hunting with Ducky was a lot of fun but hunting meant goodbye to summer, and the change was drastic; because now it was still dark when I rose to go to the pheasant farm, and the dreadful school year had begun, and, on top of that, before the end of the year Trish and I would learn through bureaucratic family channels that she was being moved across the hall to share a room with an older sister, and my younger brother would be moving in with me.

I would in due course instruct him, age nine, about the secrets of the fireflies.

Reflections on Life after Yale

A self-interview, for the 50th-anniversary yearbook. If the questions were wrong, that was my fault.

Q: Fifty years ago, at Yale, you were a pretty big wheel, right?

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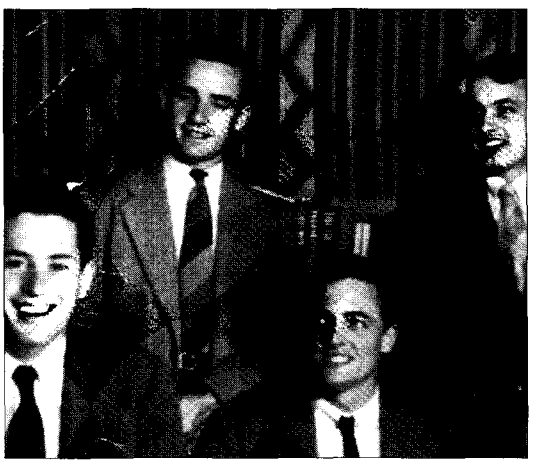
A: Yes, I was chairman of the Yale *Daily News*. That was a singular experience, because everybody *had* to read your paper and so brush up against its editorials. In the mid-Sixties Yale had its cultural revolution and two things changed at the *Daily News*. First, the chairman was dethroned. For a few years, as when Stalin and Julius Caesar died, a troika came into being as successors, to guard against such concentrations of power. Eventually an editor-in-chief gestated, though with diminished authority. The consolidated idea being, one gathers, that "chairman" was too august a title, never mind that the revolutionists at Harvard, noblesse oblige, let the chairman of the *Crimson* survive. The other change during that period was that students who wrote for the OCD (we called it that, Oldest College Daily) no longer had to know how to write, merely to opine.

Q: You speak provocatively about the period in question.

A: As about most things. A curse. Halfway through my time as chairman we published a letter from Professor Norman Holmes Pearson protesting my editorials and instructing us to cancel his subscription. When, ten years later, a subscriber to *National Review* wrote to say the same thing, I published the letter with the editorial note, "Cancel your own goddam subscription." I have to admit it, the license to make such responses brings absolute joy to an editor's heart, but of course publishers don't like it. For understandable reasons.



First day, freshman, 1946, with roommates

Q: Given your odd political positions, were your contacts with the Yale faculty nevertheless pleasant?

A: Oh sure, though there was some off-premise merriment at my expense. I remember hearing about Professor Tom Mendenhall, who taught European history to a big class at Linsley-Chittenden. At a fellows' dinner in the spring of 1949 he regaled his colleagues with the story of his crashing disappointment that morning. "I had prepared a lecture centering on all the delinquencies of the Catholic Church in Europe, and after I was well launched on it I looked up to feast on the expression on Buckley's face. But the son of a bitch wasn't there!" I made friends among the faculty, some of them lifelong, most notably Thomas Bergin, who was head of the Italian/Spanish Department. I taught Spanish and Bergin was my boss—great eminence; among other things, the supreme Dante scholar. We exchanged probably two hundred letters before his death in 1987 (an odd locution, "before his death"—as if you could exchange letters *after* somebody's death).

But, yes, there was a little genteel consternation about the OCD's editorials, but after it was all over, Dean DeVane wrote me a terribly nice letter, which I saved. "As you come to the end of your editorial duties, you deserve the congratulations of the entire community for making the *News* the most lively college newspaper in the country, past or present. Of course, neither I nor a lot of other people agreed with your editorial position on a lot of points—but the paper was alive and could not be ignored. As a matter of fact, it was read eagerly because significant things were said, important issues debated. That, I believe, is the *summum bonum* of journalism. Heartiest congratulations."

Q: What was it that prompted you to write your book *God and Man at Yale*?

A: The catalyst was the annual Alumni Day event in February of my senior year. There was always an undergraduate speaker, and in 1950 I was selected. I wrote out my talk and gave an advance copy, as requested, to Dick Lee. He was then press secretary for Yale, before becoming the more or less perpetual mayor of New Haven. When I handed it to him he said in his captivating way, "What do you have to say in the speech, Bill? Nothing, I hope." Well, word was passed to Woodbridge Hall that the talk was unfilial. There was great static—the event was scheduled for Saturday—so I sent a message to Mr. Seymour offering to withdraw as speaker; offer accepted. But the ideas I had explored in that speech took root. I graduated, got married that July, returned to Yale in September, resumed teaching my Spanish class, and took on the book, which I finished in January. It was accepted for publication by Regnery Inc. in Chicago and was published in October—routine scheduling. It came out just as Yale was celebrating its 250th birthday, and much indignation was worked up to the effect that I had all along planned to subvert Yale's celebration, which was on the order of saying that a baby born on Christmas Day was designed, last March, to get in the way of festivities.

Q: What did you make of Yale's responses?

A: I thought them remarkably virulent, but then the book got very intensive treatment all over. *Saturday Review*, which was then the dominant litweekly, gave it no fewer than three reviews (one of them cordial, to my astonishment). The OCD's handling of it—a barrage of reviews by faculty and students—was pretty hostile. I certainly won't rehearse the arguments of that book, but I do recall with sad satisfaction what I was told by (the Reverend) David Gillespie, at our 45th reunion. He reminded me that I had read out the section on religion at Yale to him and a few others at Dwight Hall. "I thought you were wrong about religion. Unfortunately, you were right." Having said that, I add quickly that manifestly the Class of 1950 didn't end up voting the socialist ticket.

Q: You went on to found *National Review* in 1955. You began a syndicated column in 1962, and your television program in 1966. *National Review* continues, and presumably will do so on into the future. Your column continues. You folded *Firing Line* last December. Why did you do that?

A: My flippant answer, given in the press release, was that I did not want to die onstage.

There were real concerns, one of them being that raising money to finance the program was always a headache. Television stations will not put up money these days for educational fare; they expect to get it free, and usually do. That means one has to line up a foundation or other donors. I truly admire people

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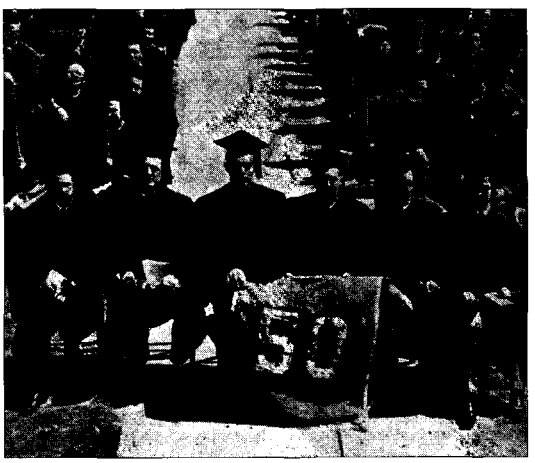
who are willing, year after year, to go out and raise money. I've always found it agonizing. But another reason for giving up *Firing Line* is the progressive exasperation one feels over sciolistic preparation and exegesis. It was better when the show lasted a full hour. The client stations backed the one-hour format for decades, but a lot of them were very unhappy about such an egregious interruption in their way of life. And it wasn't just the philistines. When Harold Macmillan was my guest in London, after about forty minutes of shooting he turned and said, "I say, isn't this program over yet?"

When I shortened the program to a half hour time spent on research was reduced by 80 percent. The first half hour of a television exchange on almost any subject—abortion, tax, war, Hollywood, education, God—pretty much rolls out from your general involvement in workaday discourse. But when the show goes on a second half hour you find yourself probing territory that your guest is truly expert in, while you most often are not. I remember Senator Gore (I speak of Al Gore, Senior). During the short pause for a commercial back in 1966 he leaned over to me and whispered, "You know something, Mr. Buckley?—I know more about the TVA than you do. I wrote the act."



Last day, senior, 1950: Class Day Orator

And then, too, there is creeping fatigue.

Q: Is that something you feel distinctively? Or do you put it down to age, which all of us feel?

A: Can't answer that. The classmates I see most frequently seem pretty inexhaustible, though I remember with relish reading an interview with Vic Henningsen after I took him on my sailboat as crew in a Bermuda race. "A great experience," he told the inquiring reporter. "A once-in-a-lifetime experience." That was an Aesopian way of saying, "Dear dear Bill, it was fun, but don't invite me again!" And quite right: Vic was introducing the factor of fatigue at a slightly different level. I did four Bermuda races but would shoot myself if I had to do a fifth. On the other hand there are all those people out there, *older* than we are, who sally forth on Bermuda races every time. Has anybody ever seen Van Galbraith out of breath? Or Bill Draper? Paul Lambert? . . . So yes, I think I am a little tireder than the luckier few.

Q: Does it affect the quality of your work?

A: Aha, you coony old bird, I thought you'd get to that.

Let me back off, because the memory of this admonition is so searing for me. About ten years ago John Kenneth Galbraith, who is a close friend with whom I've shared a great deal, confided to me that he lived his apparently untroubled professional life with a single cloud off in the horizon, safely distant but conjecturally menacing. "My fear is that the day may come when I write less well than I now do, and nobody will tell me, and I won't have the faculty of knowing it for myself."

Happily, there is no exact correlation between that kind of thing—a lessening of mental skills—and biological attenuation, which is pretty steady. After a four-month-long flu a couple of winters ago that weakened me to the point where I couldn't even ski, I took to answering friends who asked how was I doing by reporting, resignedly if not cheerily, "I am decomposing." *However*, I don't think my mind has suffered correspondingly. So to speak, I can still ski on a keyboard. In addition to the other stuff, I do a book while in Switzerland. I write quickly, a faculty that coexists with a vexatious, antipodally slow reading speed. I could never have got through such vast material as Bob Massie had to master for either of his great books, nor come up with his art. Which reminds me, if you detect a decline in the quality of my writing in the years, or days, ahead, you have my license to stop reading me. Or, where applicable, to postpone beginning to read me. Maybe when I lose such powers as I have, reading me will be easier, like playing beginner's music on the piano.

Q: You speak of the piano. Do you still occasionally perform as soloist with an orchestra?

A: No. I gave up doing so after I played for my 45th Yale reunion. I made so many mistakes, notwithstanding that I had practiced the Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue diligently, that I was forced to face up to it: I wasn't good enough, reliably enough, to perform publicly. That was my ninth public exposure, including one performance with the Yale Symphony in which I got through the F-minor concerto without total embarrassment, except maybe to J. S. Bach, if he was listening.

Q: You haven't said anything much about your personal life.

A: You haven't asked me anything about my personal life.

Q: All right. Let's stop playing games.

A: On July 6 I'll have been married fifty years. My wife, Patricia, is beautiful, bright, humorous, often quite impossible (as most wives sometimes are; as most husbands sometimes are), and I will love her always. My son, Christopher, is a resplendent public figure as a writer, humorist, and editor. Just yesterday I heard his first book, *Steaming to Bamboola*, acclaimed by a discriminating history professor as an enduring account of life in the merchant marine. What isn't widely known—how could it be?—is his singular warmth and grace, his tough gentility. He is our only child. The two grandchildren, aged twelve and eight, are works of art, which requires that I acknowledge the role of their mother, the lovely Lucy Gregg Buckley, which I proudly do.

Oh, I almost forgot. I live in a most wonderful property, acquired in 1952, on the waterfront in Stamford, Connecticut, in which providence perhaps accidentally, perhaps on purpose, contrived the most dazzling light changes, seascapes sometimes sleepy, sometimes robust, even tumultuous when hurricanes come along; cherry and birch and pine and oak trees frame just the corner of a swimming pool by the sea embedded in old brick; little boats, sail and power, pass by day and night, and we can see all of that from our bedroom, with its twenty-foot-wide, 180-degree windows, or from the music room, whose east side is all glass, with shifting light changing the perspective and the colors every few minutes, causing this happy inhabitant to wonder at the wonder of it all.

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Q: And to thank God?

A: Yes, God and Yale coexist. I wrote a book about God three years ago, and as I think back on it I wonder that any apologetics need go any further than the remark I ran into while at Yale, I forget at whose prompting. It recorded a crusty academic believer, his back to the wall at the dizzy height of the Darwinian offensive a hundred years earlier. How could he still believe in God? He answered, "I find it easier to believe in God than to believe that *Hamlet* was deduced from the molecular structure of a mutton chop." I wish I had said that.

Thoughts on a Final Passage

I WAS asked by a friend and sailing companion who read the manuscript of my book *WindFall* why I thought to subtitle it "The End of the Affair."

The voyage I chronicled in that book began almost immediately after my formal retirement as editor of a magazine I had founded as a very young man; and I would, on this passage, enter senior-citizenship. Practically the whole of my professional life had centered on that magazine, and when I left New York, having just then put my last issue to bed, I felt a certain sadness, a deracination almost, as one would expect to feel, even though at no point was it so keen as to make me wonder whether I had made an unwise decision in retiring.

With son Christopher

Then, also, I couldn't predict whether, five years later, I would be in shape (physical, or psychological) to crank up the energy required to organize a fifth ocean crossing. The odds were against it, I felt, never mind whatever buoyancy continues to sustain me as I write. I am much struck by sentences in a letter I had from Whittaker Chambers, the more so since it proved to be the last one I'd receive from him. "Weariness, Bill—you cannot yet know literally what it means. I wish no time would come when you do know, but the balance of experience is against it. One day, long hence, you will know true weariness and will say: 'That was it.'" I have very little in common with Whittaker Chambers, having suffered so little by comparison, my link to the heavy machinery of history so greatly attenuated alongside his. He put it this way: "Our kind of weariness. History hit us with a freight train. But we (my general breed) tried to put ourselves together again. Since this meant outwitting dismemberment, as well as resynthesizing a new lifeview (grandfather, what big words you use), the sequel might seem rather remarkable, rather more remarkable than what went before. But at a price—weariness." Even within that weariness, Chambers found the exotic contentment he believed Sisyphus to have found, though consigned to labor every day to roll the huge stone up the hill only to see it roll back to the bottom again, requiring him to renew his labor, indefinitely.

Yes, said Chambers, he thought Albert Camus correct, that in manual labor, and in the "strangled cry" described by John Strachey, who had fought his way free of Communism, there was satisfaction—better than that: Katow, who in the novel of Malraux sacrificed himself by giving away his cyanide to a younger man, must now, without alternative means of ending his own life, walk into the fiery furnace prepared by his executioner. He "walks toward the locomotive through a hall of bodies from which comes something like an unutterable sob—the strangled cry. It may also be phrased: 'And the morning stars sang together for joy.' It may also be phrased: '*Il faut supposer Katow heureux*,' as Camus wrote: '*Il faut supposer Sisyphe heureux.*' For each age finds its own language for an eternal meaning."

I do not anticipate a Sisyphean end, except in the sense that all of us are condemned, always, forever, to renew our labors; and I have never courted, let alone been stricken by, the sadworldiness that afflicted Chambers. My life, on the whole, has been joyful, and my passages at sea have been pleasures so marked that I thought it impudent to suppose that, as though it required merely the setting of the clock, I might have yet another such an experience, with my friends, five years later.

And, as I related in *WindFall*, the nature of my companionship with my son had changed, as it ought to have done, and I had no clear sense of it that were I to suggest another passage to him in five years, he'd have joined me eagerly. At his age, one should expect he'd find alternatives that would be more beguiling. On the other hand, in the unlikely event of a prospective ocean passage, I might find his absence critically discouraging to the enterprise.

Oh yes, and there is the navigational point. About fifteen minutes after the appearance of my book, we could expect that navigation at sea would cease to be more than an antiquarian exercise. Probably a Trimble hand unit powered by a couple of flashlight batteries will tell you exactly where you are, day or night. And when that happens, what would I have to fret over on a long passage? . . . Ah, but the sea always has something lying in wait for you. Perhaps, in my last years, I'll deny it the opportunity to vex me.

But if so, how can I draw from it those fleeted moments? You have shortened sail just a little, because you want more steadiness than you are going to get at this speed, the wind up to 22, 24 knots, and it is late at night, and there are only two of you in the cockpit. You are moving at racing speed, parting the buttery sea as with a scalpel, and the waters roar by, themselves exuberantly subdued by your powers to command your way through them. Triumphalism . . . and the stars also seem to be singing together for joy. **NR**

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ace strategist DICK MORRIS and conservative Rep. PAT TOOMEY join renowned author VICTOR DAVIS HANSON, Islam expert BERNARD LEWIS, GOP chairman ED GILLESPIE, author DINESH D'SOUZA, military authority JOHN HILLEN, Club for Growth president STEPHEN MOORE, columnist MICHELLE MALKIN, and *NR* editors RICH LOWRY, JAY NORDLINGER, RAMESH PONNURU, JOHN O'SULLIVAN, and JOHN DERBYSHIRE

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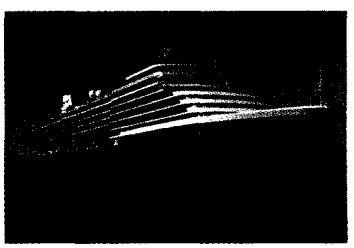
This spectacular and affordable journey (prices start at just $1,549 per person, and "singles" can get a luxurious room for only $1,899!) aboard Holland America Line's luxurious MS *Zuiderdam* will provide you the unique opportunity to meet America's *preeminent* authorities on politics and the critical issues of our day. New speakers are **Dick Morris**, the ace political strategist and author (*and* expert on all things Clinton/Rodham), Congressman **Pat Toomey**, a true conservative champion who waged a valiant Republican senate primary challenge in Pennsylvania earlier this year, and super-bright military/terrorism guru **John Hillen** (who's also an *NR* contributor). They'll be joining an impressive ensemble including esteemed author **Victor Davis Hanson** (the renowned academic is one of the most influential writers on terrorism and American culture), **Bernard Lewis** (the eminent Princeton professor is *the* world expert on Islam's bloody history with the West—his *What Went Wrong?* and *The Crisis of Islam* are *must*-reads), Republican National Committee chairman **Ed Gillespie**, economist and Club for Growth president **Stephen Moore**, acclaimed author (of so many important books) **Dinesh D'Souza**, syndicated columnist and author **Michelle Malkin** (her 2003 immigration work, *Invasion* caused a sensation), National Review Online favorite **John Derbyshire**, *NR* editor **Rich Lowry**, senior editor **Ramesh Ponnuru**, managing editor **Jay Nordlinger**, and editor-at-large (*and* editor of *The National Interest*) **John O'Sullivan**. That's a veritable "Murderers' Row" line-up!—you simply *must* join them for seven relaxing days and nights of politics and policy, conservative revelry, and luxury cruising.



As *NR* cruise alumni (there are thousands!) know, our trips are remarkable events, marked by scintillating political shoptalk, wonderful socializing, intimate dining with our editors and speakers, making new friends, the rekindling of old friendships—and, of course, grand cruising. That's what's in store for you on the ***National Review* 2004 Post-Election Caribbean Cruise**

There are countless reasons to come, but none bigger than the luminaries who will be joining us for this luxury trip! It may be the *best* ensemble we've ever had, which guarantees that our seminar sessions—featuring ample audience "Q & A"—will be fascinating.

✔ Who can give a better overview than **Dick Morris** about the ongoing antics of Bubba and future political designs of Hillary (as well as give special analysis of the post-election playing field)?!

✔ Where does one *begin* to question **Bernard Lewis** about the brutal revival of the millenium-old struggle between Islam and the West?!

✔ Ditto for **Victor Davis Hanson**, who will share his expertise on the moral struggle required for America and democratic nations to battle terrorism and defend freedom, as will **John Hillen,** the *NR* contributing editor who's in the know about all matters military.

✔ Who are *better* positioned to discuss the state of the Republican Party than chairman **Ed Gillespie** (who wrote for *NR* once upon a time before running the GOP), and true-believing conservative Congressman **Pat Toomey** (a rising political star)?!

✔ Who can give keener insight on the war between conservatives and RINOs (Republicans In Name Only) than Club for Growth boss **Stephen Moore**? Or a sounder assessment of red-hot cultural issues (immigration, campus "diversity," etc.) than the brilliant **Michelle Malkin** and **Dinesh D'Souza** (we'll also look for his take on the legacy of Ronald Reagan)?!

✔ And they'll be joined in all the elucidating and analyzing of the 2004 elections and their aftermath by *NR*'s editorial heavyweights: **Rich Lowry, John O'Sullivan, Ramesh Ponnuru, Jay Nordlinger,** and NRO headliner **John Derbyshire.**

ENJOY SEVEN BALMY DAYS AND COOL CONSERVATIVE NIGHTS!

DAY/DATE	PORT	ARRIVE	DEPART	SPECIAL EVENT
SAT/Nov. 13	Ft. Lauderdale		5:00 PM	
SUN/Nov. 14	Half Moon Cay	8:00 AM	4:00 PM	morning Catholic Mass evening cocktail reception
MON/Nov. 15	AT SEA			morning/afternoon seminars late-night smoker
TUES/Nov. 16	St. Thomas, USVI	8:00 AM	12 Midnight	
WED/Nov. 17	Tortola, BVI	7:00 AM	6:00 PM	evening cocktail reception
THURS/Nov. 18	AT SEA			morning/afternoon seminars late-night smoker
FRI/Nov. 19	Nassau, Bahamas	12 Noon	7:00PM	morning seminar evening cocktail reception
SAT/Nov. 20	Ft. Lauderdale	8:00AM		

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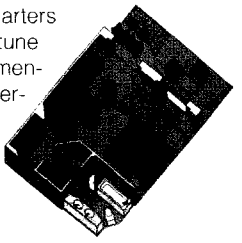
Holland America Line's MS *Zuiderdam*

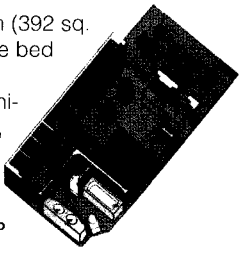
Superior service, gourmet cuisine, elegant accommodations, and great entertainment await you on the beautiful *Zuiderdam*. Prices are per-person, based on double occupancy, and include port fees, taxes, gratuities, transfers (for those booking airfare through Holland America), all meals, entertainment, and admittance to and participation in all *National Review* functions. Rates for third/fourth person in cabin:

Age	Categories S, SS & A	Category D	Category K
19+	$1092	$991	$889
2-18	$842	$741	$639



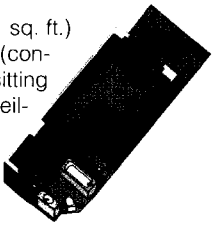
DELUXE SUITE Magnificent luxury quarters (563 sq. ft.) feature use of exclusive Neptune Lounge and Personal Concierge, complimentary laundry, pressing and dry cleaning service. Large private verandah, king-size bed (convertible to 2 twins), whirlpool bath/shower, dressing room, large sitting area, DVD, mini-bar, and refrigerator.

Category S
DOUBLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 3,599 P/P
SINGLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 4,999



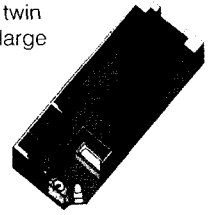
SUPERIOR SUITES Grand stateroom (392 sq. ft.) features private verandah, queen-size bed (convertible to 2 twin beds), whirlpool bath/shower, large sitting area, DVD, mini-bar, refrigerator, floor-to-ceiling windows, and much more.

Category SS
DOUBLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 2,799 P/P
SINGLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 3,599



DELUXE OUTSIDE Spacious cabin (241 sq. ft.) features private verandah, queen-size bed (convertible to 2 twin beds), bath with shower, sitting area, mini-bar, tv, refrigerator, and floor-to-ceiling windows.

Category A
DOUBLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 2,399 P/P
SINGLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 3,199

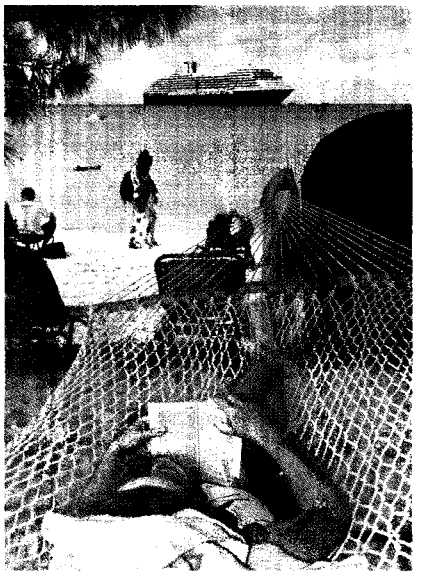


LARGE OCEAN VIEW Comfortable quarters (190 sq. ft.) feature queen-size bed (convertible to 2 twin beds), bathtub with shower, sitting area, tv, large ocean-view windows.

Category D
DOUBLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 1,899 P/P
SINGLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 2,399

LARGE INSIDE Cozy but ample cabin quarters (185 sq. ft.) feature queen-size bed (convertible to 2 twin beds), bathtub with shower, sitting area, tv, large ocean-view windows.

Category K
DOUBLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 1,549 P/P
SINGLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 1,899



We so want you to "experience" these conservative luminaries that we've engineered our *lowest* prices *ever*, starting at only as $1,549 (p/p). And singles can get their own cabin for just $1,899! That *includes* all those "extras" like port fees, taxes, and gratuities! Just look at the chart on the left and check out our phenomenal rates.

Of course, the special "extras" that *NR* brings—the seminars, receptions, and intimate dining with speakers—come on top of the great cruise, which takes place on the beautiful MS *Zuiderdam*. Still gleaming from her recent inaugural, she's Holland America's classiest vessel. You'll find the accommodations to be truly luxurious, matched only by the indulgent, courteous staff, superior cuisine, and top-notch entertainment and excursions.

And the sunny itinerary!—Our voyage will visit Half Moon Cay (Holland America's glorious private island), the Virgin Island ports of St. Thomas and Tortola, and Nassau in the Bahamas. Tours, watersports, napping on a hammock on a pristine beach, quaffing a cool libation under a palm tree—get ready for a week of fun and R&R.

Of course, you can experience that on many a cruise. But what you can experience *only* on an *NR* cruise are those exclusive extras that make up our extensive program: six seminars (each brimming with two-plus hours of bite and wit as experts make sense out of current events and the recent elections, and divine what's ahead in Washington and elsewhere for 2005 and beyond), three cocktail parties (hot hors d'oeuvres, cool drinks, and warm friendships), two late-night poolside smokers featuring **H. Upmann**'s wonderful cigars and complimentary cognac, and dining with our guests (on at least two nights you'll enjoy intimate dinners with our speakers and *NR* editors!).

Don't delay: Reserve your luxury stateroom *immediately* (and securely) at our special website—**www.nationalreviewcruise-carib.com**. Or you can call The Cruise Authority at 1-800-707-1634—the professionals there will ably assist you in selecting your cabin.

Prepare yourself for seven balmy days and cool nights filled with conservative stars! Take the trip of a lifetime with America's most preeminent intellectuals, policy analysts, and political experts and strategists—**Dick Morris, Pat Toomey, John Hillen, Victor Davis Hanson, Bernard Lewis, Ed Gillespie, Dinesh D'Souza, Michelle Malkin, Stephen Moore**, and *NR* editors **Rich Lowry, Ramesh Ponnuru, Jay Nordlinger, John O'Sullivan**, and **John Derbyshire**—on the ***National Review* 2004 Post-Election Caribbean Cruise.**

BOOK YOUR LUXURY CABIN NOW—CALL THE CRUISE AUTHORITY AT 1-800-707-1634 OR VISIT US AT WWW.NATIONALREVIEWCRUISE-CARIB.COM

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HELP!!!!

WE DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY PRESIDENT BUSH WON'T ACCEPT OUR INVITATION TO SPEAK AT OUR NATIONAL NAACP CONVENTION...
NAACP
...AFTER ALL, WE'VE PREPARED A SPECIAL SEAT FOR HIM.
DUNK
The Selected (not Elected) PRESIDENT
3 THROWS $1.00
RESERVED FOR THE IDIOT
NAACP

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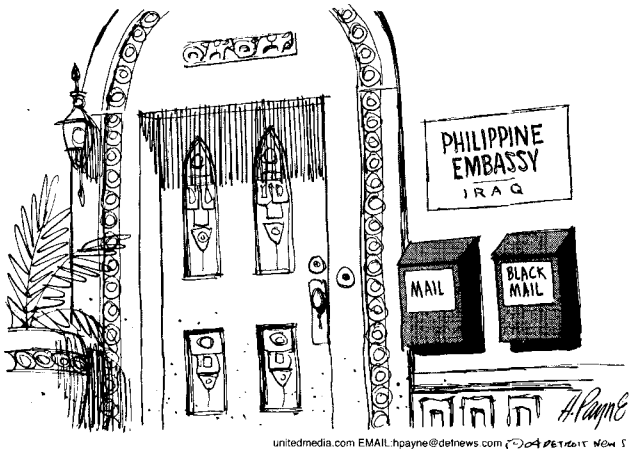
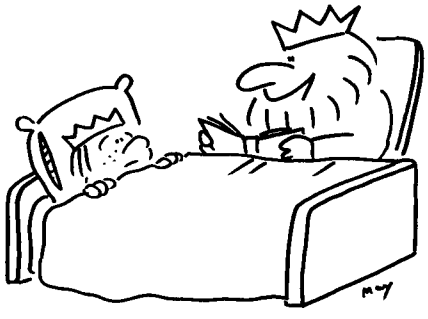
Let's Pretend

One John's a multi-millionaire;
The other flaunts a bil.
They don't discuss detergents much,
Across a windowsill.
Yet both pretend they're middle-class
As mother's milk, which can
Produce a constipated look
On chaise longue or divan.

—W. H. von Dreele





". . . And they lived happily ever after, until they were overthrown by the proletariat."

Hi Kiddies...
I'm John-John Edwards...
Did you know that there are 2 Americas?
Yes...
North America and South America.
Good evening, ladies and gentlemen... Did you know there are 3 Americas?
HIGGINS
7/18

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the long view

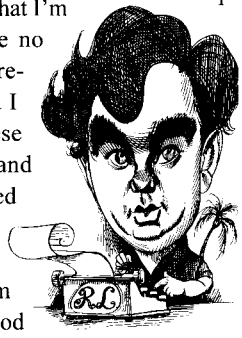
ROB LONG

From the Warden's Mailbox, June 2005:

Dear Warden:

You know me Warden I been a good inmate all these years never given you no real trouble always done my work duty and everything. Just do my time keep my mouth shut don't bother nobody is my motto and you know that's true Warden and what I'm saying now please don't take no offense I don't mean no disrespect to you sir at all as I said I been a good inmate all these years and a model prisoner and ever since I got me transferred from Sybil Brand Women's Maximum Security Correctional over to here the minimum security on account of my good behavior and good attitude and I'm grateful every day don't get me wrong but that woman now who is my cellmate is going to find herself wearing her ass as a hat if she don't stop telling me how to make an interesting seasonal wreath out of stuff we find in the exercise yard and nobody but nobody can blame me if she one day has to swallow some teeth because I can't take no more Warden I can't take no more about making a cheerful collage out of magazine clippings or making my pillowcase smell pretty with dried flowers or keeping cinnamon sticks in a jar by the can or growing our own herbs I'm about up to here Warden and I'm sorry to trouble you sir as I said I mean no disrespect I've tried to be nice to the woman but she's on me every day about window treatments and how vertical stripes are slimming and I'm telling you Warden I'm about ready to do to her what I did to my own mother which wasn't a pretty sight let me tell you and is how I got sent up in the first place so please Warden please please get this woman another cell mate please sir.

Yours truly,
Nettie Miller #12A-86



Dear Warden:

As you know, the job of prison librarian is a volunteer position that is highly sought after by many of the women's service organizations in the area. Over the years, as I'm sure you'll agree, the female inmates of your facility have been well served by the volunteer librarians from the community, which makes it all the more difficult to inform you, sir, that while Martha Stewart is a resident of this facility, it has become impossible to keep a volunteer librarian for longer than six days owing to the interference, reshelving, purchasing, and unauthorized book-club organizing that she has engaged in, despite repeated requests that she not do so. Please inform us of her departure, and we will be pleased to provide another volunteer librarian.

Yours sincerely,
The Women's Benefit Organization

Dear Warden:

I was a Marine cook for 25 years, some of them in Khe Sahn with Charlie breathing death down every day and every night and I never had a complaint in all that time about my brownies being "too cakey." So you either get Miss Knows-Everything out of my kitchen or that's the last you'll see of me and that's aloha on a steel guitar and don't think I won't because I've got my Social and my pension and my VA money coming monthly and putting up with her crap about my beef stew ain't worth it.

Joe the Cook

TO: Warden
FROM: Martha Stewart #12A-87
IN RE: Follow-up to previous memo

Warden:

I'm concerned about the lack of movement and/or approval on several of the key items from last week's memo. To recap:

1. The crafts shed really is tragically undersupplied. I have instructed my staff at Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia (MSO) to immediately furnish assorted ribbons, fabrics, paints, ceramic equipment, decoupage materials, spray adhesives, and the like (at my expense, of course), but the entire shipment has been held up in the mailroom by the presence of a dozen or so glue guns, which I have stated repeatedly are NOT firearms, but are instead necessary tools for the appliqué workshop and seminar that I'm conducting next week. Please see to it that ALL of these items are released from the mailroom ASAP.
2. Still waiting for clearance to use your conference room for the above-referenced workshop/seminar. I trust the delay is just bureaucratic ridiculousness.
3. The prison overalls are terrific and very practical so I'm unclear as to why the laundry staff insist on tumble-drying them rather than line-drying them in the fresh air and sun, which will help them last longer and also fade to a lustrous patina. We have ample space for a line-drying grid, so I'm a little nonplussed by the delay in approving my redesign plans. Please have your scheduler contact me ASAP so that we can discuss this further. I really do not appreciate the run-around.
4. There is still way, way too much starch in the daily menu, and I'm not exactly certain why you laughed at my idea (memo of 3/23/05) of growing our own organic micro-greens and raising our own chickens, as was reported back to me. We could sell the excess product in a shed by the highway, along with some of the terrific crafts that are being produced in my steam-bent wood-furniture workshop/seminar. New ideas often seem silly until they work, Warden.

I'm really not interested in "taking over this facility," as you put it in our most recent encounter, but I'm also not one to sit idly by while good ideas are ignored, and while an environment that has so much potential is allowed to fester under a "business as usual" mindset. As you yourself have noted several times recently, there's only "two more months of this and then she's out of here," which from my perspective means that we—and you—have really got to get a move on.

Looking forward to your thoughts.

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Not Quite Right

The Right Nation: Conservative Power in America, by John Micklethwait and Adrian Wooldridge (Penguin, 450 pp., $25.95)

RAMESH PONNURU

MICKLETHWAIT and Wooldridge, both writers for *The Economist*, have chosen a book title with two meanings. They are exploring American conservatism, which they see as a nation within a nation, with its own beliefs and folkways. They also wish to explain why America is so much more conservative than all other advanced countries. Their conclusion: America's conservatism is rooted deeply in its character, and is likely to grow.

A friend said to me once about another British author's books that they may have small errors of fact and large errors of interpretation, but you are always guaranteed a great read. That is true of this book. American conservatives will want to like this book because its conclusion is so congenial and because sympathetic accounts by foreigners are so rare. But the frequency of the small errors and the size of the large ones are finally too much to ignore.

Let's tackle the factual errors first, in order of their appearance in the book: Oliver North and Wayne LaPierre have never hosted a NATIONAL REVIEW cruise. Chesterton's remark about America's having "the soul of a church" was not a reference to conventional religiosity. The Supreme Court has not issued a liberal ruling, or any ruling, on medical marijuana. *The Weekly Standard* did not set up shop in 1996. The "fanatical" Ken Starr did not spend $50 million without proving any illegal activity: He convicted—of fraud and conspiracy—Clinton's successor as governor of Arkansas. President George W. Bush did not change the Republican platform to declare tolerance for supporters of legal abortion. Ann Coulter is not at all reticent about abortion. Abortion is not restricted to the first 26 weeks of pregnancy, as the authors say twice. Don Rumsfeld's remark about "old Europe" was not a shot at a "sclerotic continent"; he also referred to "new Europe." Howard Dean was not "a firm supporter of Israel," at least in the view of firm supporters of Israel. John Ashcroft is not responsible for "laws" establishing "secret military tribunals." It is not true that more than 100 people on death row have been exonerated.

The larger errors of interpretation have to do with the authors' libertarian opinions, which they allow to distort their political analysis. Again and again, it turns out that the Republican party will have a bright future if it adopts views that happen to be those of the authors.

Their take on the recent political history of California is symptomatic. Republicans there were doing well until Pete Wilson made "the colossal political blunder" of turning off Hispanics by trying to cut off government benefits for illegal aliens. The party next alienated suburban women by running pro-lifers for governor. Then Arnold Schwarzenegger won over the state with his easygoing tolerance. Now all of this is conventional wisdom, and none of it is ridiculous. But the authors make no attempt to deal with contrary evidence. For example, did suburban women flock to Schwarzenegger just because of his pro-choice stance, or also because he repudiated school vouchers? Did the initiatives against bilingual education and racial preferences have a role in driving Hispanics from the Republican party? These questions are inconvenient for the authors, who favor school choice and oppose racial preferences. So they are not taken up. When Schwarzenegger's opposition to driver's licenses for illegals proves popular, that is not evidence that the authors' political judgments about the politics of immigration need to be revised; Schwarzenegger was just making a point about "security."

Or consider their take on the South. The Republicans' southern strategy was just terrible: They won southern whites over by sending subtle anti-black messages. But opposition to racial preferences was not one of those messages. Everything always lines up neatly for our authors.

Micklethwait and Wooldridge present social conservatives as rigid "absolutists"—even contrasting them, on this score, to gun-rights and property-rights activists. Pro-lifers, they say, oppose abortion even in the case of rape. But since 1988 the vast majority of pro-lifers have been willing to support, sometimes enthusiastically, presidential candidates who reject that view. They have been willing to fight for such incremental measures as a ban on partial-birth abortion.

Social issues are said to have hurt Republicans following their takeover of Congress in 1994. Supposedly, the "Contract with the American Family" that Ralph Reed proposed in 1995 scared moderates. They offer no evidence on this point. In truth, that Congress ran into trouble over school lunches, the regulation of food safety, and Medicare: economic issues all. The most controversial social issues taken up by that Congress were bills to ban partial-birth abortion and to allow states not to recognize other states' same-sex marriages. Both passed handily. Similarly, the authors claim that social conservatism damaged the party during the Houston convention of 1992, and provide no evidence for the claim.

Micklethwait and Wooldridge repeatedly discuss the politics of abortion. This coverage is simply awful and, as seen above, riddled with factual errors. The

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authors make confident claims about public opinion for which they provide no evidence and which are, to my knowledge, untrue. They say that women are more likely to favor legal abortion than men; most polls I have seen say otherwise. A number of polls suggest that small majorities of American women think abortion should be illegal with exceptions for life, rape, and incest; you would never know it from this book. The authors say that only 46 percent of Americans oppose "unfettered" abortion; actually, far more Americans than that want fetters in the second and third trimesters, along with other restrictions. We are told that former New Jersey governor Christine Todd Whitman "took a moderate tack on all sorts of subjects, particularly abortion." That's a funny definition of moderate: She vetoed a ban on partial-birth abortions. (And she never won the votes of a majority of women in her state, either.) Sometimes, Micklethwait and Wooldridge make comments that are not so much biased as weird. So Bush's signing of an executive order on the funding of abortions overseas should not be taken too seriously, since it is now "par for the course for any incoming Republican president." Before Bush, exactly one Republican president had done the same thing.

The authors are, by their own admission, hostile to Ashcroft. Their defense is that Ashcroft, here standing in for all social conservatives, is a threat to the federalism that is one of America's glories. (They are referring to Ashcroft's attempts to enforce federal laws on drugs from which some states would like to exempt themselves.) The authors want a "moral federalism" that allows rural Nebraska to regulate lap dancing "in a different way from people in San Francisco." We don't have that moral federalism, but it's not because of John Ashcroft. It's because the Supreme Court has set itself up as a national arbiter of what regulations of lap dancing, *inter alia*, are permissible. What the authors are doing here is akin to covering World War I as though the Belgians had fired first.

Of course there are tensions between economic and social conservatives, as the authors insist. But as they demonstrate on every other page, most economic and social conservatives are the same people. The politicians and voters who most support tax cuts and school choice tend to be the same people who most support the right to life. And among voters at large, if not *Economist* readers, libertarian economics tends to be a bigger liability for Republicans than traditionalist morals. If spending cuts were popular, we would have more of them. If social conservatism were as unpopular as the authors think, the courts would not feel the need to stamp out its manifestations so regularly. That is why President Bush has acted as he has on spending and social issues. It is not necessary to like these facts—I wish that millions of Americans were marching on Congress to end subsidized student loans—to recognize them.

A final point. The authors provide various explanations for America's peculiar support for the death penalty. Maybe it does, as they say, have something to do with the frontier. I suspect it also has something to do with the responsiveness of our political system to popular opinion. Europe did not abolish capital punishment by popular demand.

Micklethwait and Wooldridge succeed in proving that one has to understand conservatives to understand America, and thus to understand the world. Which means that they do not understand the world. **NR**

Two Textures

Hard America, Soft America: Competition vs. Coddling and the Battle for the Nation's Future, by Michael Barone (Crown, 192 pp., $22)

RICHARD LOWRY

Pick your adjective. He is the brilliant Michael Barone. The encyclopedic Michael Barone. The unparalleled Michael Barone. Every other year, Barone co-authors *The Almanac of American Politics*, a bible for political junkies and journalists on

TELEPHONE GREETING

You have reached 985-0732,
and so you have my number. This is true,
but I'm not here right now to talk to you.
I'm sure you know exactly what to do.

Please leave your number and your name, OK?
Then say whatever the hell you want to say.
The secret games that the electrons play
will save your words. Sometime later today,

when I get home, or struggle out of bed,
when I sober up, and finally clear my head,
when my laundry's done, and all my books are read,
when all the cows come home, and God is dead,

my taxes paid, my accounts all in the black,
I'll check my messages, and call you back.

—MICHAEL CREAGAN

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deadline who need to know something about Kentucky's Fifth congressional district and know it fast. Barone doesn't just write the *Almanac*; he seemingly memorizes it. Being around him is to be in a constant state of saying, "Gee, Michael, I didn't know that."

Barone writes a political column for *U.S. News & World Report*, in which he analyzes contemporary political and social trends, and has also written a substantial work of history, *Our Country: The Shaping of America from Roosevelt to Reagan*. The new book *Hard America, Soft America* combines a little of both, as Barone takes a theme he has worked out in his columns—the opposition of two cultural and operational styles, which he at first called (borrowing from *The Economist* magazine) "crunchy" and "soggy"—and applies it to 20th-century American history.

At the outset, Barone remarks on a puzzle: Immature and irresponsible American 18-year-olds are often transformed into the most competent people on earth by the time they are 30, especially if they happen to be in the military. "How do I explain this phenomenon?" Barone writes. "Because from ages six to eighteen Americans live mostly in what I call Soft America—the parts of our country where there is little competition and accountability. But from ages eighteen to thirty Americans live mostly in Hard America—the parts of American life subject to competition and accountability."

He traces the competing fortunes of these two tendencies over the past hundred years. The first part of the 20th century witnessed much Softening. The rise of progressive education, emphasizing social and emotional development over academic rigor, put the teaching of our children in a fuzzy focus. The economic and social legislation of the New Deal provided new cushions from the hard knocks of the free market, while Big Business and Big Labor devalued innovation and accountability in favor of the values of the organization. "America at mid-century," Barone writes, "was a far Softer country than it had been in 1900. Security, a word seldom heard and a concept that seemed unrealistic in 1900, became a watchword."

Mid-century saw mixed trends. The GI Bill and mortgage programs were Hard in their orientation, giving benefits to recipients who did something in return and promoting educational attainment and ownership. The panic over Sputnik led to the Hardening of math and science standards in schools. But it was in the resulting extraordinary burst of educational excellence—SAT scores peaked around 1963—that a Baby Boomer elite was forged that took America's Softening as one of its chief ambitions.

Welfare and crime policy began to turn definitively Soft in the 1960s, as the advent of affirmative action undermined merit and progressive education again began to dominate in the schools. Barone finds the cause of the Softening of the 1960s in the shock and guilt over the realization that blacks had been denied their civil rights. "Compensating for such injustice meant Softening many parts of American life," he writes. "This Softening was the response not just of a liberal elite but of the great bulk of the American people, who were determined to make up for the unfair and evil things that they had allowed to happen for too long."

After about 30 years, we snapped back again. The tale of American progress since the 1990s is largely the tale of its Hardening. Economically, big firms were dethroned by entrepreneurs who were able to tap into a pool of capital made larger and more easily available by tax cuts and the arrival of 401(k)s. Financial innovators like Michael Milken punished inefficiency and stoked competition. Socially, the 1990s witnessed an extraordinary revival as a thirst for order and accountability beat back crime in the cities, reformed welfare, and (unevenly) imposed standards and accountability on the schools.

"The impulse for this Hardening came not from centralized elites," according to Barone, "but from decentralized ordinary people, and it was resisted, to varying extents, by the professionals in each of these fields. That impulse found expression, sooner or later, in political candidates and public officials. It gained force because ordinary people could see in their daily lives the contrasts between the conditions produced by Soft criminal justice, welfare, and education and the conditions produced by Hard systems."

Barone sees the ongoing battle between Hardness and Softness as so important because "Soft America lives off the productivity, creativity, and competence of Hard America, and we have the luxury of keeping parts of our society Soft only if we keep enough of it Hard." The competition is largely between Softening elites and Hardening popular sentiment. The irony, Barone notes, is that the liberal elite is forged in Hardness—"applying to selective colleges and universities and professional schools, wangling the best jobs in the public and private sectors, attracting the right mentors, producing high-quality work under deadline pressure." It's just that this elite doesn't think that the rest of America is up to the testing of Hardness, and so it is that liberal caring comes with a strong dose of condescension.

Which is misplaced. The age when Americans needed new protections from the free market—Barone identifies it with the world of Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*—is long gone. Most Americans thrive in the flexible world of 21st-century work. According to Barone, levels of workplace dissatisfaction expressed in polls have reached all-time lows. It is exactly in Hard striving and achievement that many people find fulfillment: "For we gain happiness not only from pleasure but also from the performance of duty, and from the honor it provides. Hard America is a happy America."

This is a short, thumbnail book, so Barone can't examine every in-and-out of his argument. He doesn't oppose all Softening, and welcomes the cushions that came earlier in the century. But Softness still may not get all of its due. The rise of psychotherapy and advances in the mental-health profession are Softening, and have lead to much annoying psycho-babble and excuse-making in our culture. But who can doubt that they have served to increase the sum of human happiness? The loosening of sexual mores and the structure of family life, on the other hand, have not so increased human happiness, but where is the constituency for going back to a Harder past?

But these are quibbles. The backdrop to most contemporary political and policy struggles is whether the essential American character, forged in self-reliance, will be preserved or further eroded as we affect a kind of convergence with European social democracy. Barone provides a nifty sketch of the forces behind the struggle and of the stakes. May Hard win. **NR**

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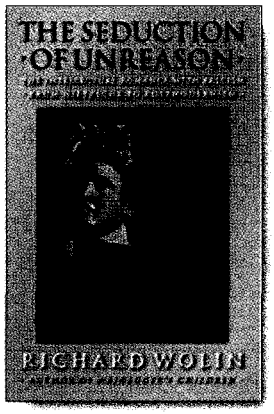
Brown Study



The Seduction of Unreason: The Intellectual Romance With Fascism from Nietzsche to Postmodernism, by Richard Wolin (Princeton, 404 pp., $29.95)

JEFFREY HART

THIS is a valuable but ungainly book. Richard Wolin, a professor of history and literature at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York, is formidably erudite about French and German 19th-century thought, and he gives the reader useful expositions of the major Romantic thinkers.

He sandwiches this history of 19th-century ideas in between discussions of the postmodernism of such figures as Jacques Derrida, Paul de Man, and Michel Foucault, all of whom attempted to show the comprehensive failure of representation, including language, and therefore the impossibility not only of literature but even of all rational communication. Though these contemporary figures considered themselves leftists hostile to existing institutions, Wolin sees in them affinities with neo-fascist leaders today on the Continent, including Jean-Marie Le Pen in France and Jörg Haider in Austria. These European neo-fascists are, in actuality, mainly opponents of immigration; not every Austrian whose last name begins with H and ends with R is the Führer's second coming.

Wolin's title mentions Nietzsche, but his narrative starts much earlier, with Maistre, Burke, and the opponents of the French Revolution. Right there a problem becomes evident. If there is a "temptation of unreason," there is certainly a temptation of reason as well: Many, even most, of the revolutionary philosophes were rationalists, the Goddess of Reason was worshipped during the Revolution, and—as Burke said—at the end of that road lies the gallows. Not only unreason, but reason too, can serve the human appetite for power.

Postmodernists have had the effect of emptying a thousand classrooms.

Another mistake Wolin makes is to understand Nietzsche as an intellectual source for political fascism. During World War I, philosopher partisans of the Allies propagandized by blaming Nietzsche for Bismarck, the Kaiser, and German militarism; later, he came to be blamed for National Socialism. But Nietzsche would have loathed Nazism; he hated anti-Semitism and other vulgarities, and often said harsh things about Germans. (Another supposed proto-fascist here, Oswald Spengler, is said to have been asked by Hitler, "Am I Julius Caesar?" "No," Spengler sneered, "Tiberius." If Hitler had understood him, Spengler would have had a visit from the Gestapo.)

Nietzsche's actual goal was not the powerful state, or the mighty *Volk*, but the heroic individual. In his journey toward this individual, he "philosophized with a hammer," expressing and admiring philosophies from Socrates and Plato through the Enlightenment and the 19th century, then smashing them and rejecting them as idols. He considered Socrates "holy," then rejected him as a corrupter; the same with Wagner, and Jesus. He called his own autobiography *Ecce Homo*. In the end Nietzsche reached his goal, utterly alone, stripped of illusion, on the mountain peak as Zarathustra, a poet of uncomfortable truths. Entire "aloneness" was the condition of freedom, which allowed for self-creation, not necessarily a terrifying thing, but even potentially joyful.

The case of Martin Heidegger, however, was genuinely tragic: He was too big for National Socialism, but fell into their fetid ditch and behaved like a rotter. No mere ideologue could have achieved Heidegger's explications of a few verses of Parmenides, going on for a hundred pages back, back, and further back, in search of Being in the depths of time. Hannah Arendt recalled the time when, as a young university student, she first heard of Heidegger: "There was hardly more than a name, but the name traveled all over Germany like the rumor of a hidden king. . . . The rumor about Heidegger put it simply: Thinking has come to life again; the cultural treasures of the past, thought dead, are being made to speak." The language there associates Heidegger with Jesus. Arendt studied with him, fell in love with him: a love that was powerful and undying. She forgave him his Nazism; she never lost the memory of those old emotions, and could not denounce him.

Wolin sticks pretty much to the Continent, and neglects the British Counter-Enlightenment—which was much more moderate, partly, no doubt, for extra-philosophical reasons. Burke found in tradition and habit modes of cognition. You tie your shoes through habit. If you tried to do it through reason, you would never get out of the house. Try playing the violin through reason. Custom and institutions embodied the collective "reason" of society, based on experience. At the very least, they foster ease. "What Burke wanted," Jacques Barzun once said, "was to get his morning newspaper on time." No simple thing.

"Ideas" are not pure, discrete pellets, but come fused with emotion and uncon-

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scious knowledge. Wordsworth wrote, "The Child is father of the Man"; he apparently even thought the "child" remembered pre-natal existence, and came into the world trailing "clouds of glory." In "Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood," he wrote about moments of recognition:

> . . . in a season of calm weather
> Though inland far we be,
> Our souls have sight of that immortal
> sea
> Which brought us hither,
> Can in a moment travel thither,
> And see the children sport upon the
> shore
> And hear the mighty waters rolling
> evermore.

Whenever you hear waters roaring, look out. But this kind of Romanticism, far from being proto-fascist, shows Wordsworth in touch with his unconscious: that great teacher of the vital things, benevolent and not menacing. The poet was exploring the ways the mind works.

As for the postmodernists—the café philosophers Derrida, de Man, Foucault, and the rest—they are dangerous only to literature departments. Derrida's famous maxim, *Il n'y pas de hors-texte* (there is nothing outside the text), self-destructs at a snap of the fingers. That phrase can itself be discussed only within itself, and becomes just a collection of syllables, vowels and consonants. In response to this, I suppose, one might fall back on a mystical authoritarianism; but in reality, these postmodernists have had the effect of inspiring a thousand Ph.D. theses and emptying a thousand classrooms. The students, surprisingly, want to read . . . poems and novels. Paul de Man, a bright charmer, persuaded Yale that all of this postmodernism was not nonsense; you can get the truth by canceling one or the other of those negatives.

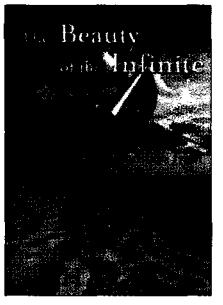
The history of ideas has two classic tasks: first, as Leo Strauss said, to read a text as its author wanted it to be read; and second, to establish the responsibility of the text for what future men of action make of it. Wolin is better at the first than at the second; the postmodernists do not seem to have affected action at all. **NR**

■ SHELF LIFE ■

Bright Wings

MICHAEL POTEMRA

In ***The Beauty of the Infinite: The Aesthetics of Christian Truth*** (Eerdmans, 448 pp., $45), Eastern Orthodox theologian David Bentley Hart has written one of the most thrilling works of Christian reflection to come along in years. What Hart offers is nothing less than an interpretation of the entire Christian account—of God, creation, salvation, and eschaton—in which he shows that both reality itself and the Christian narrative of it are acts of divine beauty.



Why is there anything at all? The Christian answer to this question, writes Hart, goes far beyond the traditional philosophical speculations about the relations of the Many to the One. God creates not from Himself, through emanation, but by drawing beings out of nothing; their only cause is His delight in creation, their only goal to reach the fullness of His intention for them. He creates the particular, as opposed to the abstract, and takes joy in it. "The trinitarian love of God—and the love God requires of creatures—is eros and agape at once: a desire for the other that delights in the distance of otherness":

> [God's] presence is most definitely not the dialectical Ariadne's thread that is unwound through, and leads back out of, the labyrinth of history; he redeems creation's many lines not through negation . . . but by a musical accumulation, a restoration through further development and invention. Because God is Trinity, and creation a song shared among the Persons, God is the context in which the polyphony of being is raised up, in which even silenced voices are preserved, and promised a restored share in creation's hymnody. As God is the "place" of what differs, all distance belongs to God's distance [and] all created music participates in his infinite music.

Beauty "is being itself, the movement of being's disclosure, [and] the transcendence of being in the gift of the immanent." The idea of concreteness within what God has created finds its culmination in what has been called the ultimate "scandal of particularity": that God not only created specific things, but chose a specific nation for Himself, and actually became a particular Jewish rabbi Who was crucified and raised from the dead at a specific moment in history. In doing so, writes Hart, God defeated mankind's sense of tragedy: "For Christian faith the only true tragic wisdom is that there is no final wisdom in the tragic. . . The cross dispelled the seductions of the tragic by revealing an infinite gulf between the God of creation and the power of death (a gulf, that is, that is not spanned by sacrifice), by emptying the tragic of its heroic pathos and false beauty, and—most importantly—by opening out into a resurrection that reveals love as the source and end of creation." Because "Christian love erupts from the empty tomb, [it] must always be in rebellion against all tragic 'profundities.'"

But the resurrection story offers no easy reassurance; it opens up, rather, "another, still deeper kind of pain: It requires of faith something even more terrible than submission . . . and acceptance of fate . . . It places all hope and all consolation upon the insane expectation that what is lost will be given back, not as a heroic wisdom (death has been robbed of its tragic beauty) but as the gift it always was."

In presenting this account, Hart engages deeply and in detail with modern and postmodern thinkers, including Heidegger, Levinas, and Deleuze; these passages are difficult and perhaps of

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most interest to professional philosophers and historians of ideas. The greatest merit of this book is what it offers the non-specialist reader: a breathtakingly original intellectual reappropriation of the content of Christian dogma. This is theology as high adventure, and the excitement continues after the last page is turned.

■ The tides of intellectual fashion can be cruelly unjust, and they have rarely been more so than in the case of Étienne Gilson. One of the most popular and influential Catholic philosophers of the 1950s, Gilson in the post-Vatican II era suffered a near-total eclipse of reputation. But tides can turn, and the publication of the new book ***Art and Intellect in the Philosophy of Étienne Gilson*** (Missouri, 363 pp., $49.95), by Francesca Aran Murphy, is an encouraging sign that a new generation may see Gilson once again receive his due.

Murphy, a religious-studies scholar at the University of Aberdeen in Scotland, recounts in this book the fascinating "intellectual life" of a devout Thomist who confronted modern trends with creativity and intellectual honesty. Gilson's metaphysics was founded on the intuition of being, understood not as a concept but as a reality—one revealed by sensible objects in their irreducible particularity. This philosopher's respect for the particular, for the integrity of the created order, manifested itself also in his political thought. At a time when French conservatism was tempted by the ideas of royalism and clericalist supremacy in politics, Gilson defended "the Two Orders" of state and church: "Those who, for political reasons, dream today of a dictator of the Right . . . must be told that Jesus Christ did not turn to Caesar to impose the faith on his apostles; he converted his apostles, and much later, Caesar himself was converted. It takes a Christian people to get a Constantine; the church does not win hearts through institutions but institutions through hearts."

Murphy notes Gilson's influence on Hans Urs von Balthasar, one of the greatest theologians of the 20th century. Though her own prose style can be clunky, her book succeeds in making clear how remarkable a figure Gilson was in his own right.

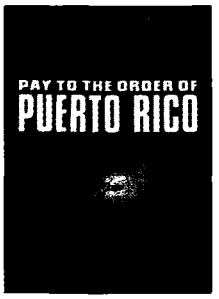
■ The story of Ronald Reagan's historic engagement with the Soviet Union is fresh in the national memory this summer. One of the most important architects of the Reagan administration's Russia policy was career diplomat Jack F. Matlock Jr., who served Reagan on the National Security Council, and later as U.S. ambassador to Moscow; he has now written an eyewitness account of the tumultuous years in which the great struggle was decided. In ***Reagan and Gorbachev: How the Cold War Ended*** (Random House, 384 pp., $27.95), Matlock describes the sensitivity with which Reagan was able to combine an uncompromising truth-telling about the evil behavior of the Soviet regime with a genuine desire to reach out to the Soviets as negotiating partners. Especially interesting are his accounts of the Reagan-Gorbachev summit meetings, including the confrontation at Reykjavik over SDI.

Matlock's account recognizes Gorbachev's importance in the scrapping of the Soviet system, while insisting that it was Reagan's policies that created the context in which Gorbachev's reforms could succeed: "The United States had to convince the Soviet leader that his country would not be allowed to win an arms race [and] that his country's interests required not only different policies but fundamental reform of the Soviet system. When that happened, it was important for the United States to support the reform process as best it could." This Reagan did; his policies represented statesmanship of the highest order, and their positive effects continue to resonate.

The advance proofs of this book included my nominee for the best pro-Reagan political cartoon ever. It's by liberal Jules Feiffer, and it shows a liberal meditating on the 1980s: "When that fool Reagan called the Soviet Union 'the evil empire,' I knew we were headed for war. When that fool Reagan gave a blank check to the arms race, I knew the odds favored nuclear annihilation. When that fool Reagan launched Star Wars on the premise that the Soviet Union would go broke trying to keep up, I knew he was a dangerous kook living in never-never land. When the Soviet Union went broke, surrendered its empire, and called off the Cold War, I knew it was Gorbachev's genius and Reagan had nothing to do with it. Because if that fool, Reagan, was right all along . . . what kind of fool am I?"

The cartoon, strangely enough, does not appear in the final published version; but Matlock's book manages to make the same point, quite persuasively.

■ Hugh Hewitt is a law professor and a nationally syndicated radio talk-show host. He also has a great deal of *joie de vivre*, which is on display in his new book, ***If It's Not Close, They Can't Cheat: Crushing the Democrats in Every Election and Why Your Life Depends on It*** (Nelson, 259 pp., $19.99). The book is every bit as partisan as its title suggests, but the author comes across as a genuinely nice guy; he believes in personal friendships and civility across party lines, while recognizing with equal clarity that politics is a "death match, and your opponents are playing to win." Hewitt's defense of partisanship—as opposed not just to bipartisan accommodationism, but to excesses of ideological purity—is refreshing, and especially timely in a campaign season that will ask the American people to choose between pretty stark alternatives. "It's a war," he writes. "The stakes are too high to demand special attention and self-defeating gestures."



■ U.S. taxpayers subsidize Puerto Rico to the tune of $22 billion a year. Puerto Rican businessman Alexander Odishelidze and renowned economist Arthur Laffer tell the story of this boondoggle in their new book ***Pay to the Order of Puerto Rico: The Cost of Dependence to the American Taxpayer*** (Allegiance, 471 pp., $24.99). The authors go on to make the case that federal policy has been even more costly for the people of Puerto Rico themselves, "who are taxed in ways they cannot see, by growth that has not occurred and sound policies that cannot develop and flourish in dependency." **NR**

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Senator Edwards Speaks Out!

NEW YORK, JULY 9

LADIES an gennelmen of the jury, the U.S. is a great country but its growth has been stultified, an I do mean *stultified,* by the policies of the gennelman who got into the White House on account of, well—how would we get along, in American justice, if seven of you voted not guilty, five voted guilty, the judge slams down his gavel an pronounces, *the defendant is guilty*. We don run things that way in American justice, an we shouldn't run things that way in Washington where we're speakin to the whole world, an what are we tellin that whole world?

We're tellin em that we can send 135,000 American boys an girls to a foreign country an tell them to kill or be killed. We've lost now near one thousand Americans doin that. The question is: Did they lose their lives an serve a great American purpose? They gave their lives without complainin, they fought with great honor. Last night on CBS they pictured one young man. His mama received a letter from him just the day before, sayin he loved her an sayin he was goin to marry his girl Ellen—no, Ruth was her name—when he got back.

Well, he'll never be back, cept in a wooden coffin, maybe a bugler will blow a song, maybe Ellen . . . Ruth will be there with his mama. But what's he done for America? Is terrorism less threatenin? The very next day the homelan security people tell us al-Qaeda is plannin an attack *right here in America.* That's how much security we've accomplished, under the leadership of that man from Texas who began to confuse military work when he served, or so he says, in the National Guard. Ony thing he succeeded in, ladies an gennelmen of the jury, was in hidin out from his superior officers, same people who're now takin orders from *him*, life an death orders, to continue in far-out parts of the world tellin Muslim people what America is like an if they don like it they're *daid*, bang bang bang, only sometimes you don know who you're shootin at because they're hidden all over the place, is that what you call a great *international mess time*, or is that another planet we're talkin about?

An what're we sayin about America? We're sayin we ought to have a society where you can buy medicine without mortgagin the house. Where teachers are paid a livin wage an where we welcome the chance of other Americans to work hard an earn a livin addressin the needs of justice, like ahm doin today. But you cain't have real justice when you have two classes of people, people who can pay the *soarin* costs of livin, of gettin a house, gettin medical care, protectin yourself from people who work at starvation levels tryin to put *you*-all out of work. Are we goin to send the Marines out after them? There ain't goin to be any Marines left, at the rate we're goin. Here's a question for you: Are there more marines than terrorists? Maybe yes, when the gennelmen Senator Kerry an I are goin to replace *began* servin as president an vice president.

But *how bout now*? There's that ole story about the lady feedin poisoned acorns to kill the raccoons an the squirrels, next day went out an there was lots of coons an squirrels but mosly there was dead *chickens*! She got the wrong mix, like our president an vice president, they got the wrong mix, an we got more terrorists an the drug industry in America is gettin more medicines which we can sell only to Canadians because they get them at half price. That's the only country doesn't give us immigration problems—they can't afford to come south, they'd lose their free medicines.

I've had a little success, ladies an gennelmen, gettin brave men an women to make hansome awards to people who've been aggrieved, an ahm askin you to make a *historic* award for the America we known an we love, ahm askin you for *fifty states* to put America right!!!

Should We Have Gone to War?

NEW YORK, JULY 13

I said ten days ago that if I had known back in February 2003 what we know now I would not have counseled war against Iraq. That statement struck some as disloyal to a cause, some others as prime bait for exploitation by such as Senator Kerry. Then on July 12, President Bush gave an enormously illuminating speech to the Y-12 National Security Complex in Oak Ridge, Tenn., which sheds light on ambient questions. What especially catches the eye is his saying that "Libya is dismantling its weapons of mass destruction and long-range missile programs. This progress came about through quiet diplomacy between America, Britain, and the Libyan government."

The mind travels to the question: Why could not diplomacy have accomplished in Iraq what it accomplished in Libya? But the President keen-wittedly bases the success of Libya on quiet diplomacy, but quiet diplomacy backed up by our own commitment to "defending the peace by taking the fight to the enemy." He is contending, in effect, that if it hadn't been for our military entry into Iraq, Qaddafi might have continued his development of nuclear weapons. Who can dispositively argue that this analysis is wrong?

On that plane, here is one to ponder. Several years ago Saddam Hussein could have spent the night in any one of a hundred palaces he kept for his contingent whims. Now he sleeps in a 12 foot by 12 foot cell. What's going through his mind on the matter of doing things differently?

Obviously Saddam knew he didn't have a handy supply of weapons of mass destruction. Yet having apparently nothing to lose, he didn't cooperate with the U.N. search team sufficiently to establish that there were no such weapons in Iraq. So, Mr. Bush and Mr. Cheney—and Tony Blair and other government leaders—declared that he did have those weapons, and we proceeded to war. Not only was Saddam inexplicably circuitous on these (non-existing) weapons, he miscalculated the stamina and determination of his Republican Guard, which

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collapsed and died after three weeks' exposure to the U.S. Marines.

Saddam must rue the day he acted, or did not act, in time to move in the direction of quiet diplomacy, which by any measurement would have been preferable to his current arrangements.

An open question: If the commander-in-chief has evidence satisfying to his intelligence systems that a dictator who has used such weapons before—and has twice invaded neighboring countries—has such weapons now, is there a reasonable alternative to military action? Not in the judgment of those who believe the president must act on the most cautious probabilities. If later in the day, after the fighting has ended, one learns that the weapons weren't in fact there, how does this discredit the thinking that took him to war on the assumption that they were there?

Reason fortifies the two positions: 1) that we should have gone to war, and 2) that we need not have gone to war.

The single missing component here is what was implied in Bush's speech to the National Security Complex: that a dramatic show of U.S. military strength was necessary to fortify the U.S. presence in the world. If it is true that Qaddafi came around because of what he had seen in Iraq, that point is carried. It is strengthened further by reasoning that North Korea may have been terminally persuaded not to proceed on an apocalyptic course by reason of the fate of Saddam.

This does not vindicate the war as we have engaged in it. Knocking off Saddam was one challenge. A second was to devolve the responsibility for rebuilding Iraq politically. This we now know keenly should have been done by others, with support from the U.S. This point the president will need to focus on in the days ahead.

Circle-Squaring by Daschle

NEW YORK, JULY 16

SENATOR Daschle's face would show the strain, except that his face has no strains left to show, looking as he does as the condemned prisoner on the last day of his reprieve. The special torment this time around is the work of Republican John Thune, a former member of Congress whose challenge to the Senate Democratic leader rests in part on the matter of a Constitutional amendment.

The measure to prohibit same-sex marriage was defeated on July 14, but nobody thinks it is permanently asleep and there are forces raring to bring it to life again—after the next election.

Now consider Senator Daschle's plight. Most of the leaders in his party who oppose the amendment do so on the grounds that it impairs gay rights. They aren't saying exactly that, but the essence of what moves them is what they'd call one more step in gay liberation. If non-gays can marry, so should gays be permitted to "marry."

But that by no means is the position being taken by Senator Daschle in his nervous fight to survive. He says the amendment is "unnecessary." Why? Because South Dakota law prohibits same-sex marriage, and the federal Defense of Marriage Act means South Dakota does not have to recognize same-sex marriages from other states.

If it were actually so, the movement to amend the Constitution would indeed be unnecessary. But it isn't so because there are judicial activists in the land who tend to edge the argument about marriage over not into what state legislatures have done, but into the great sunlight of rights that inhere in us at birth, endowments of nature/philosophy/the Bill of Rights/the *Areopagitica*, whatever.

That is the line the judicial activists will take. The political question arose from the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. It decided that the State Constitution grants organic rights which can't be taken away from residents of Massachusetts, among them to marry anybody you like, beginning with those of the same sex.

It may be that Senator Daschle has shelter enough to weather the storm by citing the Defense of Marriage Act. But Daschle will certainly not say that if the Supreme Court nullifies that act—permitting same-sex marriages in South Dakota—he will fight the Court tooth and nail.

Using what political weapons? There wouldn't be any, if the Court grandly ruled that same-sex marriage, like abortion, is an inherent right. If that happened, every state would be bound by the full faith and credit clause of the Constitution to recognize same-sex marriages contracted in any other state.

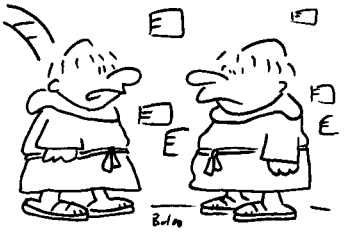
It is by no means inconsistent for an observer to fight strongly for the Constitutional amendment, which should be called, "The Division of Powers Amendment," with the entirely modest goal of confirming that the legislatures should rule, not the courts, if there is to be a fundamental metamorphosis in the meaning of marriage. There is nothing in the Constitution that deprives a state legislature of the right to endow an attachment to one's dog, calling it a marriage and to specifying appropriate benefits. But any such act should be traceable to the legislature that lost its head, not to the court that had an epiphany about dog rights.

Well, we have the first pass at corrective congressional action and the battlefield is white-hot for the next round. Seven states have approved amendments that will be put before voters this year, giving us some idea of what depth there is in a call for Constitutional support for the Defense of Marriage Act.

Congress might have acted, and still has the authority to do so, to forego an amendment and exercise instead its authority to specify appropriate jurisdictions. It could say: The Courts are not to rule on matters that have to do with the definition of marriage.

But both sides seem eager to move on. The Democrats believe that the reformers have gone too far, the Republicans are anxious to debate the question. The general acceptance of marriage as a good and useful, however evanescent, tie between men and women is a political plank of some strength. Which would not alter the legitimacy of a call by gay couples for civil considerations of an appropriate kind.

—UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE



"Did you hear about Martin Luther? —he went freelance*!"*

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happy warrior

MARK STEYN

Bombs Away

A COUPLE of months back, Sudan took time out from its hectic schedule of ethnic cleansing in Darfur to get elected to a three-year term at the U.N. Human Rights Commission. The U.S. representative protested this move by walking out before the final vote.

Big deal. The Sudanese delegate had a much droller reaction. Following his election, he immediately announced his major concern was the human-rights abuses at Guantánamo and Abu Ghraib.

At such moments, I find myself thinking: Do they know us much better than we know them? Take, for example, four small items in the news. Like Sudan's man at Turtle Bay, they're all revealing:

1) German prosecutors announce they're dropping all the most serious charges against the only terrorist convicted for the 9/11 attacks, and releasing him.

2) The Philippines, in order to obtain the release of one hostage, pulls its troops out of Iraq and, according to reports, pays the terrorists a ransom of $6 million.

3) The U.N. Oil-for-Food program turns out to be funding the insurgents in Iraq.

4) A band of Syrian musicians terrifies passengers aboard a flight from Detroit to Los Angeles.

Those are four good reasons why I'm in favor of the U.S. going to terrorist-sponsoring states and dropping bombs on them. John Kerry, among others, believes that the war is "primarily an intelligence and law-enforcement operation." If it is, we'll lose. The prosecutors in Hamburg decided to drop charges against Mounir Motassadeq because "they fear" the crucial American evidence against him was obtained by torturing detainees at Guantánamo. That's all: just a casual assumption that the Great Satan was up to his old tricks.

"No doubt they will complain bitterly," said a German "anti-terrorist" official, sounding awfully pleased with himself. "Let us say we have different views on how to handle this problem." Three of the 9/11 "pilots" lived in Hamburg. But the Germans have pretty much made clear to Washington that trying to "handle this problem" at the Hamburg end is not an option. There's going to be a whole lot of days like that if we try to fight a war with subpoenas: "The judge has thrown out the mass-murder charges, but the DA says we can still nail him on mail fraud."

What's impressive is the way these supposedly unassimilated outsiders pick up on our weaknesses so quickly—the legalisms, the ethnic squeamishness, the bureaucratic inertia. As Claudia Rosett has demonstrated, when Saddam went the U.N. route, he played it more skillfully than Clinton or Bush. As with law enforcement, the transnational organizations' distinctive combination of Western sloth and thug-state corruption ensures that all you do by entering that arena is even the playing field to the enemy's advantage.

Sic transit *Gloria*

In crude, hard ways, the Islamists have shown from Spain to the Philippines the leverage they can wield. Has the world's only "hyperpower" no pressure of its own to apply? Bush spelled it out three years ago: You're either with us or against us. In Manila, Gloria Arroyo has just switched sides. Bankrolling the enemy to the tune of 6 million bucks may not be much in U.S. terms—in West Virginia, it'd barely cover the foundation of another Robert C. Byrd Institute of Time-Servers public building—but it would be enough to fund another thirteen 9/11s. If the Philippines is now objectively "against us," there has to be a price to pay; Bush's words have to mean something.

As for those 14 Syrian musicians on a Northwest flight, they had a grand old time, going to the washrooms in groups, back and forth, taking along bulky hand luggage and returning to their seats with the bags mysteriously empty, etc., etc. After their fellow passenger Annie Jacobsen wrote it up for *Women's Wall Street*, there was much speculation: Was it a dry run, such as the actor James Woods witnessed before 9/11? Were they terrorists posing as musicians?

Here's one thing I've come to appreciate in the last three years: the tremendous cultural confidence of young Muslim males. On September 11, they celebrated in the streets of Copenhagen and at Concordia University in Montreal. In Bradford, Yorkshire, they roamed the town, banging on the hoods of passing cars, forcing them to stop and making the drivers shout, "Osama is a great man." They understood, even on the day, that nothing would be done to them.

I don't know why Syrian musicians are touring the U.S. Notwithstanding the doubtless vibrant music scene, Syria remains a terrorist state and its citizens should be subject to particular scrutiny. But, if I were a Syrian musician let into America, it'd be a hoot to wind up the soft paranoid Americans by making them think you're a terrorist. And, if two or three harmless Syrian beat combos get hassled by the authorities, James Zogby and CAIR and the other efficient lobby groups will kick up a fuss, and Norm Mineta will fine the airlines and impose mandatory sensitivity-training on the cabin crews. And the next time a stewardess sees something funny going on, she'll think, "Do I really want to get mixed up in this? Who needs another Islamophobia re-education class?"

The self-imposed constraints of this war—legalistic, multilateral, politically correct—are clearer every day. "Know your enemy," they say. They know us pretty well. **NR**

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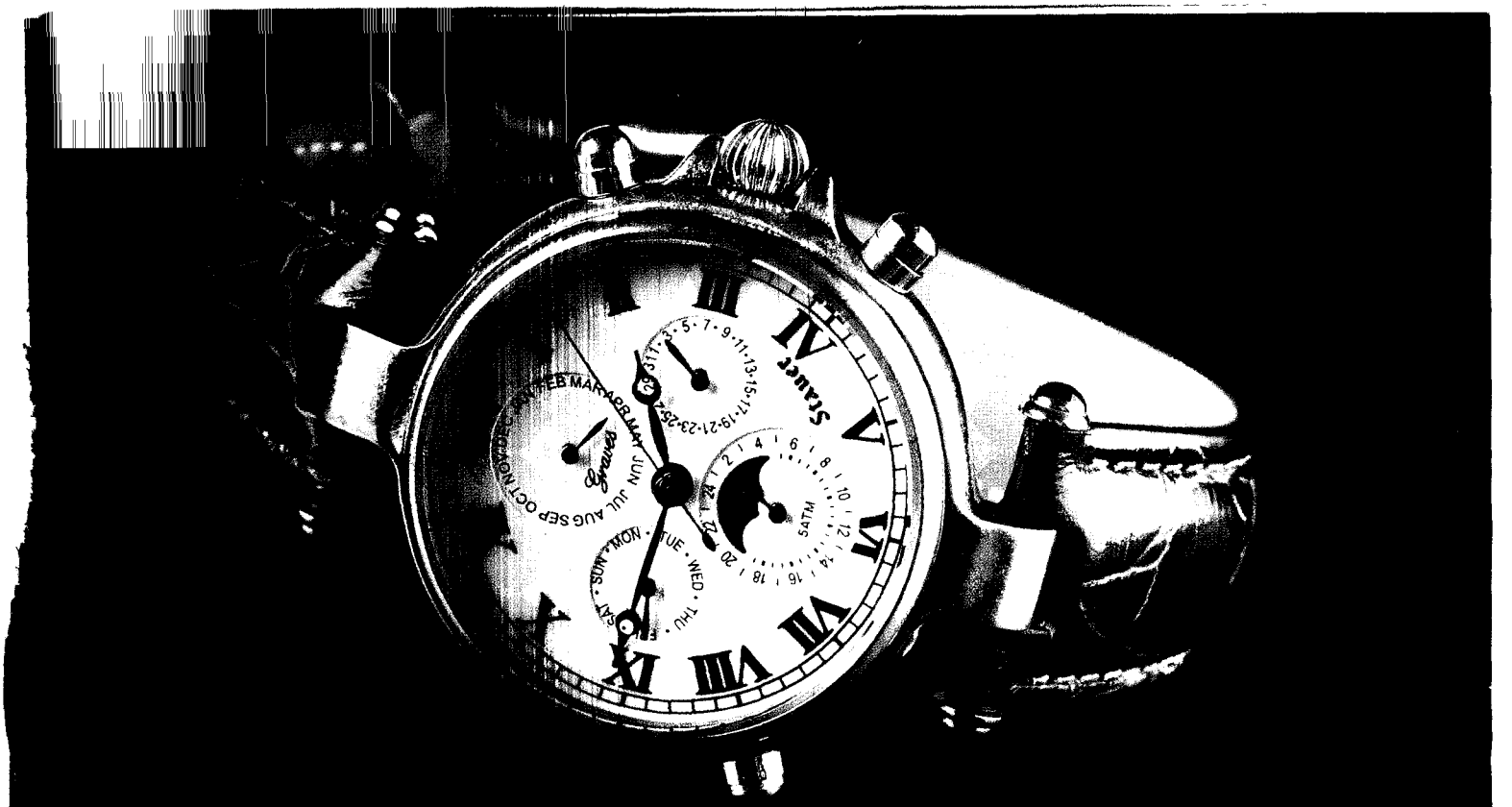

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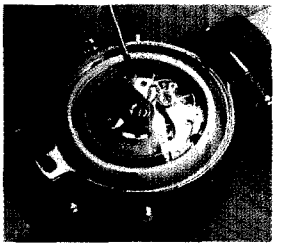

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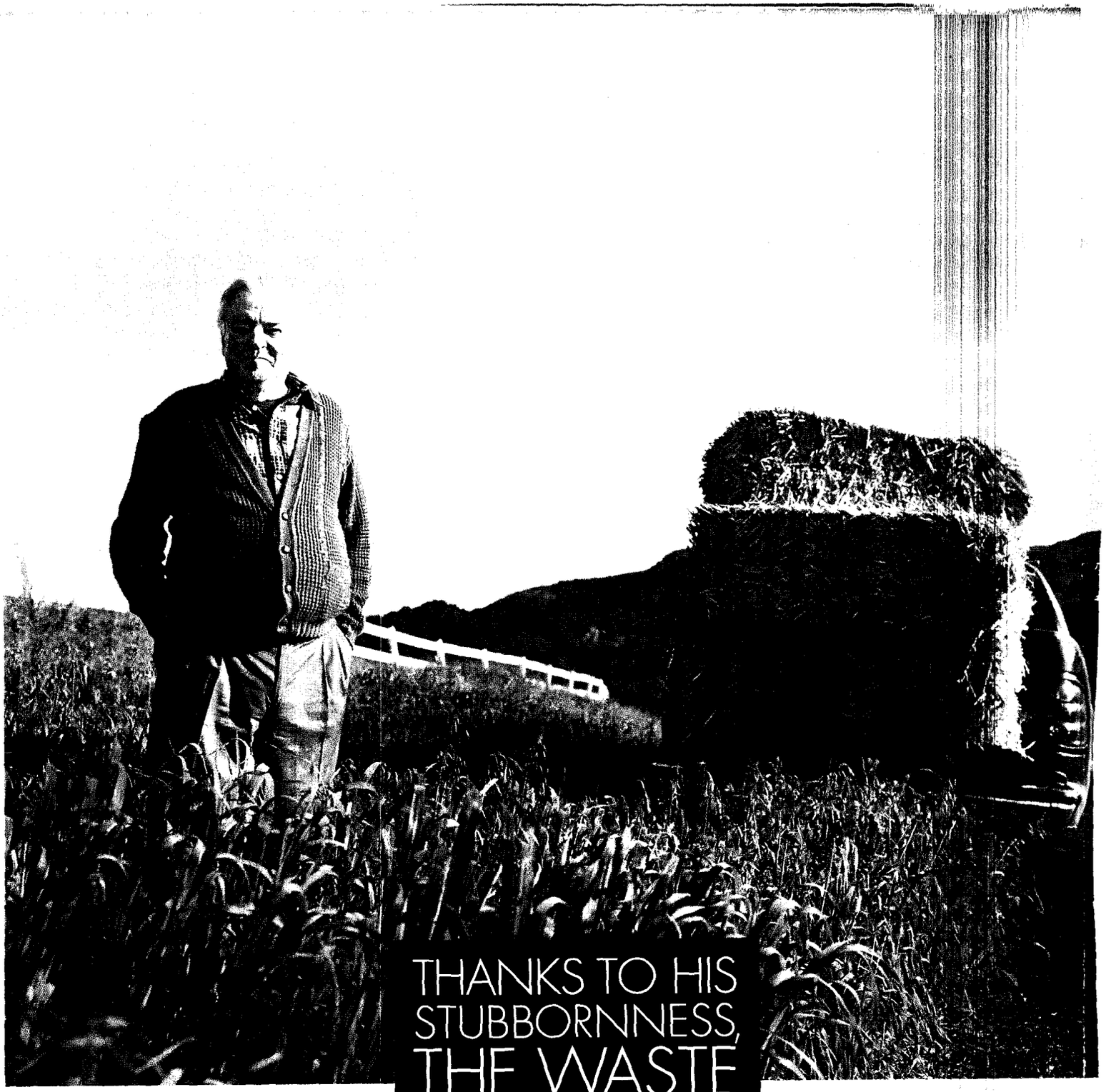

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